WOMEN'S CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF OTTAWA

TRANSACTIONS—VOL. V.

Battlegrounds Series

1912

OTTAWA,
THE ESDALE PRESS, LIMITED, Cor. KENT AND SPARKS STS.
ENGRAVERS, PRINTERS, ETC.

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Plains of Abraham

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa, February 9th, 1912.

THE great battlefields of the world have ever had, and have yet, an abiding interest in the minds of mankind.

This is either because all the great races have been, at core, fighting races, or that these famous spots are associated with some great national or international struggle; the triumph or defeat of some great cause or fated people, or the passing of some era in the world's history.

Hence we have such places as Marathon, Troy, Senlac, and Waterloo.

In this connection, what Culloden is to Scotland, and the battlefields of the Civil War are to the United States, Abraham Heights and Queenston Heights are to Canada.

The battle of the Plains of Abraham, because of its connection with the rise of American, decline of French, and continuation of British rule on this continent, has long been regarded as one of the decisive battles of history.

Many able and industrious historians have written the chronicle of the famed Crag citadel of Quebec, prominent among them being Parkman, Sir James Le Moine, and the present chief of the Canadian Archives, Dr. Doughty, who from his careful research, and the documents he has discovered, has been able to say what may be regarded as the final word in the long dispute as to the real position of the battle on the plains.

To these may be added Colonel William Woods' "Fight for Canada," in which he so rightly urges the important part played by the navy in the conquest.

Lord Grey, Canada's late distinguished Governor General, realizing the great importance of the Quebec battlefields to the country's history, worked strenuously, aided by a committee of prominent Canadians, for their preservation for the benefit of posterity.

The result was the purchase of the plains by the Government, and the, now historical, Tercentenary, which has added one more episode to the history of the renowned rock-citadel and famous Plains.

In studying the question of this important fight, the mind persistently turns from the actual battlefield itself to the contemplation of the situation that brought about the battle, and to the series of events and strategical manoeuvres of which it was the culminating point. Indeed it is only from this aspect that one can get a true perspective of this crowning achievement of one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the art of generalship in the world's history.

As we all know, the fight for supremacy in Canada involved far more than the fate of the colonists. Great Britain, impelled by her peculiarly isolated position as an island Empire to look to overseas dominions for expansion, was fighting for the supremacy of the sea, to enable her to maintain her pre-eminence among the world powers, as well as to protect her commercial enterprises and trade interests. Britain looked upon the conquest of Canada as of vital importance in the struggle. France, on the other hand, her naval power already weakened, although extremely reluctant to yield this point of vantage to her rival, was distracted by the necessity of maintaining her land supremacy. She had never regarded either her American colonies, or the dominion of the seas, as of such vital importance as both were regarded by Britain. Moreover, in this instance, many circumstances combined to prevent her giving adequate support to her colony, whose actual situation she never understood until too late.

The French system of colonization was only less futile than that of Spain, and the result of mismanagement and lack of understanding of the situation, was as deplorable in the case of New France, as were tyranny and extortion in the Spanish colonies. The condition of the Canadians at this point was pitiable. The people were reduced to a state of misery by the rapacity and machinations of that villainous triumvirate, Vaudreuil, Bigot and Cadet.

The policy of the British, on the other hand, as regards her colonies has always been a protective one, and with a few exceptions, inevitable accidents of a protracted war, with stupidity and red tape, and a changing ministry, the army had the substantial sympathy and support of the Government in the Colonial struggle.

Such, then, was the situation when the British undertook the capture of Quebec, the stronghold of Canada, and now looked upon as the key to the situation, the possession of which would forever settle the relative status of the rival nations.

The leader chosen for this expedition by Pitt, who was now at the head of affairs in England, was a young man who had already won distinction in the service at a remarkably early age, and it is a significant fact that Wolfe in his short career, showed in a marked degree, many of the personal qualities of the great statesman who had singled him out, above all others, for this important commission. He had been an earnest and indefatigable student in his profession from the first, and his comments upon military affairs showed remarkable clearness of judgment. As a junior officer in the siege of Louisburg, he was actually the strongest force in the besieging army.

Wolfe having been chosen by Pitt for the expedition against Quebec, was allowed to choose his own officers. The wisdom of his choice was amply justified, and they all proved worthy lieutenants to such a leader. Monckton was the son of Viscount Galway, Murray a son of Lord Elibank, though in neither case was their birth any factor in their selection. Townshend, also of good family, though not always in harmony with Wolfe, proved himself an efficient officer.

They sailed, with Admiral Saunders in command of the fleet, on the 17th of February, on board of the "Neptune," for Louisburg, where they were to be met by Major-General Amherst, with troops, artillery, stores, etc. Amherst was to proceed by land to a point higher up than Quebec and to act in concert with Wolfe if necessary.

Rear Admiral Philip Durell and Rear Admiral Charles Holmes were the second and third officers with Saunders in command of the fleet, all competent and experienced officers, to whose able and efficient support much of the success of the expedition was due, even after the fleet had passed the perils of the St. Lawrence and anchored below Quebec. Indeed among the personnel of this expedition were an astonishing number of unusual men, some already distinguished, others afterwards to become famous.

Having reached Louisburg the fleet, which consisted of 39 men of war, 10 auxiliaries, 76 transports, and 152 small craft, set sail on the first of June. The advance of this great fleet past all obstacles through the perils of the gulf and the intricacies and dangers of the St. Lawrence without a mishap, was a triumph of seamanship.

Louis Joseph Montcalm, though perhaps not so brilliant a genius as Wolfe, being a much older man was in many ways the equal of the gallant young officer now approaching to meet him in

honourable combat. He was of good birth, as have been almost without exception all the officers who have won distinction in the army. He possessed all the qualities of a brave soldier and a great general, with other personal qualities equally admirable, and at this unhappy period, in the midst of unspeakable corruption, tyranny and oppression rampant in the colony, his character and honour remained unsullied. Hero, knowing he was fighting to the death in a losing cause, he gave, like his compatriot Daulac des Ormeaux, in the same spirit of chivalrous self-sacrifice, his best, himself, for honour and New France. His life and death served to retrieve the honour of his countrymen, smirched by the conduct of such men as Vaudreuil, Bigot and Cadet, and to show that the highest qualities of which man is capable might still be held in the heart of a gentleman of France. He was the one hope of the ill-fated colony, which had been led to expect from the British nothing short of extermination, with all sorts of attendant atrocities. It remained to be proved whether their fears were justified or whether the capture of Quebec under the circumstances was a calamity or a blessing—whether they should regard themselves as a conquered nation, or a rescued one, or whether or not the stranger within our gates is not accorded rather more of the privileges and perquisites, and even a greater share in the government of the country than loyal British born Canadians enjoy.

Montcalm was ably seconded by three gallant officers, in whom many of his own fine qualities were reflected. Levis, Sennezergue, and Bourlamaque were all trustworthy, capable men, Bougainville a clever and distinguished soldier, and a scholar and celebrated scientist as well.

De Ramesay was commandant at Quebec, with a garrison of 2,000 men, supported by the naval brigade, and the other defences were as follows: A boom was thrown across the mouth of the St. Charles at Quebec, and the bridge across the St. Charles was fortified and the fords defended. Along the shore from the river St. Charles to the river Montmorency a line of defence was thrown up.

Beauport Church was taken as the centre, and Montcalm had his headquarters in the village. Sennezergue commanded the centre, Levis the left, and Dumas the right. The fords of the Montmorency were also defended. Had Montcalm's wish to occupy the island of Orleans and the Heights of Levis not been frustrated by Vaudreuil, certainly the British would have had more difficulties to overcome.

Above Quebec the defences were not so strong, as it was not thought possible that any attack would be made from that quarter. Bourlamaque had been sent with 3,000 men to intercept Amherst.

The strength of the French army being concentrated upon the north shore, the passage of the river was but inadequately defended, so that after skilfully navigating the perilous passage of the St. Lawrence, to the amazement of the French, who had thought such a feat impossible, the British were able to reach the Island of Orleans, without mishap, with the whole of their large fleet, by the 26th of June, and on the 27th Wolfe landed with most of his army at St. Laurent without opposition.

The French at once began to make ready their fire ships and fire rafts, which Vaudreuil had put in charge of an incompetent officer named Delouche, who made a fiasco of the attempt.

On the 27th a small force under Carleton occupied the point of the island opposite the Falls, and on the same day Monckton's brigade effected a landing at Beaumont. Next day they had a skirmish with a party of Canadians and Indians, in which the French had the advantage. They succeeded in taking one prisoner from whom some information of questionable value was obtained concerning the strength and plans of the British. Meanwhile Wolfe kept himself informed of the situation and movements of the French and he had made a complete study of the situation at the beginning, and all throughout the siege the movements and plans of the French seem to have been made known to him, while Montcalm was never able to procue any reliable information with regard to the plans of the British. During the whole expedition from start to finish Wolfe persistently kept his own counsel in regard to his plan of operations, revealing his projects to his chief officers even, only at the last moment, and reserving the option of change of plans on the very verge of action.

On the second of July Montcalm again proposed the occupation of the Levis Heights, but Vaudreuil as usual refused his consent, and the position was occupied immediately afterwards by Wolfe with 5,000 men. The British immediately set to work to build battlements at Levis, though under constant fire from the French.

On the 9th of July a feint was made of a naval attack upon the Beauport entrenchments, and under cover of this distraction, Wolfe took possession of the left bank of the Montmorency, thus establishing a third camp. His plan at this time was to march up the river to the fords, force a passage and then attack the Beauport entrench-

ments, and if successful further to force his way past the defences of the St. Charles, and thus to approach the town from behind. Meanwhile he did everything he could to induce Montcalm to attack, but Montcalm would not be tempted. On the 12th an unsuccessful attempt was made by the French to attack the British batteries at Levis. On the 18th Wolfe reconnoitred the north shore, and at night two frigates and some small boats succeeded in passing the French batteries and sailed up along the south shore beyond the town. Thus was another advantage gained.

On the 21st Wolfe again reconnoitred the north shore under fire from the Samos battery, about two miles above Quebec. More vessels passed up and a considerable force was landed at Point aux Trembles further up the river.

On the 25th, in accordance with his general plan, Wolfe made a reconnaisance about five miles up the Montmorency, but was unable to pass the fords.

On the 27th the French made another unsuccessful attempt to fire the British fleet.

Meanwhile the batteries on the heights of Levis continued to bombard the town. The French were suffering for want of food, powder was scarce, and the men beginning to desert to attend to their harvest. The British also, were wearying of the long siege, and were weakened by sickness and losses. Wolfe began to feel that a determined effort of attack should at once be made. On the 31st of July he tried to carry the Montmorency Heights by storm, and here the first important battle took place. This battle was disastrous to the British. By this time things were in a bad state at Quebec and the administration of affairs grew more rotten every day.

On the 8th of August the British under Murray were repulsed at Point aux Trembles, though his raid up the river was not unsuccessful.

So far Amherst had not appeared on the scene and Wolfe had begun to despair of being able to advance on Quebec from below, where the French were so strongly entrenched. His only hope was by stratagem to force them to meet him somewhere in the open field, and to the solution of this problem Wolfe now set his mind. Unfortunately at this time he began to suffer greatly in health, and he became anxious to gather, while possible, all the failing forces of his strength in one supreme effort to bring this enterprise to a successful close.

It was finally decided to withdraw the troops from Montmorency to some point on the north shore above Cap Rouge. The removal was begun on the 31st of August, they were withdrawn without the loss of a man, under cover of a feigned attack upon the Beauport entrenchments. As usual, a series of movements was kept up by the fleet and a daily display of force was made on the heights of Levis, while most of the transports were made at night, so that Wolfe had over three thousand men ready to land before Montcalm had any suspicion of their whereabouts. He, however, withdrew some of his forces from Montmorency and strengthened the position higher up, and a close watch was kept on all the north shore between Montmorency and Cap Rouge, the Guienne regiment under Bougainville being stationed on the heights above Quebec.

Wolfe continued his strategical manoeuvres, keeping his troops in constant motion, embarking and disembarking daily at St. Nicholas. On the 10th of September he made his final reconnaisance, accompanied by Holmes, Monckton, Townshend, Carleton and De Laune, all in the disguise of Grenadiers. From the point of high land below the mouth of the Etchemin he viewed the path upward from the Anse au Foulon (Wolfe's Cove) . This path was barricaded and a guard of 100 men stationed at the top, but a little lower down he descried a point where he judged it would be possible for a small storming party to scale the cliff and advance upon the post, in the rear.

Meanwhile Vergor, a creature of Bigot's, was in charge of the post and had permitted a number of his men to go home to work on their farms on condition that they should also work on his. The regiment of Guienne had actually been withdrawn by the meddling idiot Vaudreuil. Levis with 1,000 men had gone to reinforce Bourlamaque in the march against Amherst, while Bougainville was ordered to watch the heights at Point aux Trembles.

Here are extracts from a letter from Wolfe to his uncle, dated 19th of May, several weeks before his arrival at Quebec:

"The town itself is poorly fortified, but the ground around it is rocky. To invest the place and cut off all communication with the colony it will be necessary to encamp with our right to the St. Lawrence, and our left to the river St. Charles. It is the business of our naval force to be master of the river both above and below the town." . . . . "I reckon we shall have a smart action at the passage of the River St. Charles, unless we can steal a detachment up the St. Lawrence and land them three, four or five

miles or more above the town and get time to entrench so strongly that they won't care to attack."

Meanwhile Wolfe had weighed his chances well and considered every point of vantage, nor was his choice of this weak point in the defence a mere hazard of chance. A surprise on the north shore in the neighborhood of Sillery had long been contemplated as an alternative, should the advance upon Quebec from Montmorency fail, and all his manoeuvres had been calculated so as to keep the enemy in ignorance of the maturing of this plan, and, by various feints of attack, to scatter the forces by withdrawing them to points below and above the spot selected for the attempt.

His plans now matured rapidly. A threatened landing of ships at Point aux Trembles was to occupy Bougainville there, a feint of attack was to be made at Beauport and the Quebec garrison was to be bombarded from Levis Heights, and while the attention of the enemy was thus engaged Wolfe was to land at the Foulon with a body of 5,000 men an hour before daylight and attempt the ascent. However, nothing of the actual plan of attack, not even the exact landing place, was known to anyone but himself until after it was executed. Each individual officer received his own particular orders at the last minute. Wolfe's secrecy caused some heart-burning among his officers at times, but in the end he was better understood and justified. He acted almost entirely upon his own counsel and all desperate risks were taken by himself. Dr. Doughty has a good story which is new to me at least, and which illustrates this habit of Wolfe's. (Cradle of Canada).

It was not until eight o'clock on the evening of the 12th that he gave his own brigadiers exact instructions as to the point and plan of attack.

Ill and suffering he now turned his attention to the settlement of his private affairs, for he seemed to realize that his last hour was at hand and that, one way or another, this supreme effort was to be for him the end.

His plan was carried out in detail exactly as arranged.

Under cover of darkness the vessels which had been manoeuvering so cleverly up and down the river, assembled in a body around the "Sutherland" almost opposite Cap Rouge, under orders of strict silence. Wolfe, with Monckton's and Murray's brigades, came down in boats, and the smaller vessels, Wolfe and his staff in the leading boat, with Capt. De Laune and the twenty-four men of the forlorn hope, while Townshend stood off to follow in support,

and Holmes, waited with equipments and entrenching tools in readiness. Near to Sillery Point they were challenged, but an answer was given in French by a young Highland officer, and they were allowed to pass.

At four o'clock the leading boats arrived at the landing place. Wolfe himself was the first to disembark, and was followed quickly and in unbroken silence by de Laune's party, and three companies of Light Infantry. These quickly formed up and Wolfe led them to the path which they were to climb. The difficult ascent was made successfully, and proceeding along the ridge to the left, they were again challenged. Again came the ready answer from another French speaking Highlander that he was bringing reinforcements from Beauport Camp.

Meanwhile the storming party were ascending in force, and a sudden rush was made. The French were completely routed. They fled and scattered like chaff before the wind, Vergor escaping in his night shirt. Indeed they disappeared so quickly as to bewilder the attacking party and Howe's Light Infantry ran into De Laune's forlorn hope and almost mistook them for the French. They quickly recovered, however, and chasing the enemy through the Indian corn growing thereabouts, secured several prisoners.

Meanwhile they were under a sharp fire from the Samos battery and lower down the French pickets had begun to fire upon some of the boats which had by some mistake been allowed to drift further down. To rectify this blunder, Wolfe himself had put off in a boat and ordered them to return to a point higher up. He then immediately climbed to the heights and took the command. Murray was dispatched to attack the Samos battery, but he was recalled before they had reached it, to cover a reconnaissance, and returned with the 58th. The grenadier officer bearing the order to the Light Infantry, taking a short cut, came upon the enemy, who had placed a gun upon the bridge crossing the ravine beyond which the Samos battery stood. The Light Infantry under Howe came to their assistance and together they rushed the bridge and took the battery. The Light Infantry were then withdrawn in obedience to order, but a detachment was returned to hold the battery against Bougainville.

Meanwhile the men from the boats below were speedily disembarking and climbing to the top, rapidly forming up on the plateau above, until by six o'clock the whole force was drawn up.

Here on the heights near Marchmont, a patrol from the Guienne regiment came upon them, and retired to convey the astonishing news to the camp at Beauport.

The Guienne regiment, in spite of repeated requests of Montcalm that it should be returned to its post on the Heights, was held by Vaudreuil at the Horn Works of the St. Charles bridge.

By nine o'clock the first of the two six pounder field guns had arrived, and a little later the other came in, while entrenching tools and camp equipment were being brought in by detachments of blue jackets.

Meanwhile Wolfe having secured Vergor's post and the Samos battery, took the 58th and most of the Light Infantry, and crossed to the St. Foy road, from which point he could overlook the valley of the St. Charles and the camp at Beauport. Finding all quiet there he marched in towards Quebec to select a suitable place to form a line of battle. This was found in an open plateau which lay between a ridge upon which Wolfe was standing, about a mile from the fortress and another half way between this and the town, the walls of which were concealed from sight by this second ridge.

Wolfe returned at once and covered by the Light Infantry, which stood at the north edge of the ridge, from which they could watch the St. Foy road, led his army across. Leaving the outer line of the ridge for his reserves, he then marched along the inner line to within about 200 yards of the cliffs of the St. Lawrence, and at this point, about where the Quebec gaol now stands; his left within six hundred yards, and his right within 500 of the second ridge. His firing line was in position shortly after eight o'clock. The firing line was about half a mile long and there were about 200 yards on each flank of open ground.

The Canadians, reinforced by Indians, now began firing upon them with more effect. They were guarded on the right by the 35th Infantry, but the chief danger was on the left, being closer to the French army in the valley of the St. Charles. An advance guard was driven in. However the enemy was kept in check by the Light Infantry guarding the St. Charles road.

The front of battle consisted of six battalions, drawn up two deep—(the first instance of the thin red line two deep), consisting of 1,800 men in all, rank and file. The Louisburg Grenadiers were posted on the right, on the road from Sillery. The other five battalions, the 28th, 43rd, 47th, 78th and 58th, stretched across the Grande Allée to within a short distance of the St. Foy road. The

48th, the strongest regiment on the field, was in reserve. The Second Royal Americans were in rear of the left. The third Royal Americans were placed about 300 yards north of the Foulon path, and the Samos battery was held by the detachment of Light Infantry. Besides these there were strong landing parties of blue jackets waiting on the beach in charge of guns and other material.

Wolfe, Townshend, Murray, Monckton, were all in the firing line. Wolfe confident, exulting and expectant, his tall figure clad in a new uniform, regardless of danger moved constantly up and down the line, making sure of all details and exhorting the men to silence and caution. He seemed rather to court death than to avoid it, as if, exulting in this supreme moment, having achieved his heart's desire, in this culminating achievement of skilful generalship, by placing his army with every advantage, where the enemy must meet him in the open field. Feeling that he was already marked for death he sought no greater boon than to die thus in the full tide of victory and achievement.

Until after nine they waited for the enemy to advance in force. All this time continuous firing and skirmishing was kept up on both flanks.

Meanwhile Montcalm, who had been watching the river from Beauport camp, where Saunders kept threatening to land, while on the opposite shore at Levis, and on the island, 2,000 British troops faced him, had been kept in ignorance of the situation. He mistook the charge of the Samos battery for an attack upon the provision convoy, but at six o'clock, having received no information, with his aide-de-camp, the Chevalier Johnstone, he mounted and rode down to the bridge of the St. Charles, where they found Vaudreuil, who knew that the British had landed in force, quietly awaiting developments. Now came the message that the British were marching on Quebec by the St. Foy road. Vaudreuil thereupon ordered Montcalm to take 100 men and go to see what the British were doing and he himself proceeded to write a lengthy and pompous epistle describing his own personal conduct of affairs. As Montcalm proceeded he was met by an officer from the hospital, who had been watching the movements of the British, and who informed him of what had taken place, and just afterwards he saw Wolfe's army. He immediately called out the regiment of Guienne and sent Johnstone to bring up the whole of the left of his men, with the exception of a small guard from Beauport.

Vaudreuil, however, after having through his meddling and duplicity brought the French army into this predicament, again interfered, thwarting the ill-fated General at every move, and countermanding every order, so that he only succeeded in getting up the Royal Roussillon, and was only able to obtain three guns from de Ramesay. However, driven to desperation, with even this force at his disposal, he resolved to make a stand with the help of the Canadians and Indians who were in the neighborhood, but who were imperfectly armed and almost useless in open ground.

It was impossible for him to judge the full strength of the British, as many of the men were lying down or hidden by the irregularities of the ground and Montcalm therefore supposed that all the British troops were not yet in the field. He made his first stand along the line of the Rue d'Abraham. He had with him eight battalions of regulars, which were drawn up in an irregular line of quarter columns, the only formation possible on the ground, which was dotted with clumps of bushes.

After nine o'clock they began to advance, and as they reached open ground began to deploy.

When Montcalm reached the ridge beyond which the British lay, he could only see the thin line in the centre, and on the left, and for a moment he believed that the British were just in the act of forming for battle, and that if the attack were made on the instant one more victory might be gained. Inspired with new hope, he rode down the front of the line of battle, encouraging the men with cheering words of hope. The men showed themselves equally eager to hazard the chance.

Meanwhile Wolfe was watching, and as soon as he saw the French on the ridge, moved his front a hundred paces forward, then moved along the line reiterating his final orders not to fire under any provocation until the French were within forty paces, then to fire a double shotted volley and advance twenty paces under cover of the smoke.

At that moment a shot broke his wrist and again in a few moments afterwards he was struck in the groin. To both of these shots he paid little attention. The whole line then, with Wolfe between the 28th and the Louisburg Grenadiers, prepared to receive the charge of the French. Captain York had just arrived with his six pounder, and reaching a point well out of Wolfe's line of battle, and about 300 yards from the Royal Roussillon, he at once opened fire just as they were in the act of deploying, and great damage was

done to this regiment. York continued his skilful fire until driven back by the force of the French charge, causing much confusion in the French lines. But there was a movement of confusion in the British lines also as the skirmishers were driven in. Montcalm noticed this and immediately ordered the final advance. The two thousand Canadians and Indians however, refused to break cover and their attack was too feeble to be of service. The French line of battle was narrower than that of the British. The advance with Montcalm in the centre, was begun with loud shouts and pushed eagerly forward, but the Canadian regulars began firing without orders when just within long musket shot, some throwing themselves flat on the ground to reload, while others ran to cover. Seeing this the French regulars paused, wavered for a moment, but rallied presently and closing their ranks went on alone. The spirit of the charge, however, was dampened, and they began to break from the centre, inclining to right and to left. Again they suddenly began firing without orders at long range, before closing. But the British stood firm—grim, silent, expectant, not a shot was fired as the French advanced. Gallantly the French officers strove to rally their forces and to bring them into order, but the men, their confidence shaken, kept firing wildly until within the 40 paces of the British line.

Wolfe anxiously watched the decreasing space, and as the limit was reached, gave the order to fire, and volley after volley burst forth like a charge of artillery with terrific effect upon the enemy. Scarcely a man was left standing in the whole of their front rank.

The British reloaded and moved forward twenty paces, under cover of the smoke, and now the two armies stood face to face. The fight was short but deadly. The French fought gallantly, but without order or concentration, and soon began to break away under the intense fire of the British. Broken away from the centre, the French received volley after valley in their flanks right and left. The right wavered, broke away and fled, then the centre, and after a short desperate stand were followed by the left.

Wolfe now ordered a general charge, and in a moment the French were in headlong flight, utterly routed.

In this charge Wolfe received his death wound and Montcalm, already wounded, while endeavoring to rally his forces, also received the shot which brought about his death a few hours later. Many brave French officers met death on that field, fighting

gallantly to the last. Some skirmishing took place after the rout on the Heights, but with every general and half the officers killed, no attempt was made to rally the main body of the French army. A brave stand was made by a body of Canadians at the Bake House near the foot of the Cotè, but they were soon driven back. However these skirmishes helped to cover the retreat of the regulars.

Vaudreuil claimed the credit of having rallied the Canadians at the last, but the truth is he had remained entrenched in safety until after the fight. In the end he was stricken with panic and fled ignominiously.

Meanwhile Bougainville had been hastening to the field of action, and had made a brave and determined effort to retake the Samos Battery, but without success.

Many incidents of the battle have been recorded, and told and retold, until they are too familiar to bear repetition on my part. I shall not venture to paint again the familiar death scenes of the two brave generals whose names have become household words amongst us.

Suffice to say it was a great victory—great because it was so bravely fought, great because there was so much at stake, and because of its far reaching effects. As a fight it was easily won. It was a mere engagement to that of the battle of Montmorency or even of the fruitless battle of St. Foy, in both of which the French were victorious. As a feat of generalship it ranks with the great battles of the world.

MARY LOUISA CAMPBELL.

Battlegrounds of the Niagara Peninsula

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa, November, 1909.

THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

During those eventful years of the War of 1812-14 in Canada, that beautiful peninsula formed by the eastern end of Lake Erie, the western extremity of Lake Ontario, and the river connecting these great inland seas, was the arena for several of the most important battles of the invasion, and many were the scenes of conflict along that much-disputed river front of the Niagara.

Of the causes which induced the young republic of the United States to make war on an unoffending neighbor, and invade Canada in the name of Liberty, when thus to harass Great Britain was to champion the cause of Napoleon, greatest of despots, against the sole remaining power left in Europe to fight for constitutional liberty, there is no need to speak in this paper; but the war forced on Canada, found the colony utterly unprepared and sadly lacking in means of defence against her powerful assailant, whose confidence in an easy conquest was voiced by ex-President Jefferson in Congress, August 1812, when he declared that "the acquisition of Canada this year, as far as the neighborhood of Quebec, would be a mere matter of marching, and will give us the experience for the attack on Halifax, the next year, and the final expulsion of England from the American Continent."

There was, however, a watchful, wise and brave man at the head of affairs in Upper Canada, the province most open to invasion—Major-General Brock, Commander-in-chief of the troops, was also in command of the civil government of the province, acting in the absence in England, of Lieutenant-Governor

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK

Francis Gore, and rallied by his hopeful and inspiriting attitude, to quote Miss Machar, "the country braced itself gallantly, to a defence against fearful odds, with a courage which may well excite our admiration, and remain a bright example to future generations of Canadians."

"Fearful odds" indeed, for there were in all Canada but 4,450 regulars to defend the 1800 miles of frontier, and the whole population of the colony was but 300,000 as against the 8,000,000 of the United States.

But the Canadians responded loyally and willingly, to the appeal for volunteers and supplies, knowing well that the Motherland, struggling for her very existence against the oppressor of Europe, could ill spare any more of her soldiers for the defence of her far distant colony; and the local troops and Canadian militia fought side by side with the British regulars, nobly defending their homes and country from the "unrighteous invasion."

Again, the reputed disloyalty of the French Canadians, counted on by the United States, was soon proved an utter fallacy, and one of the signal successes of the war was the brilliant victory of a small force of French Canadian volunteers, under Colonel De Salaberry, over an army of 7,000 Americans, at Chateauguay.

The invasion centred on the Niagara frontier of Upper Canada, as foreseen by Brock, and the war raged up and down that historic river whose name is on the colors of at least two British regiments.

The Niagara River, 36 miles long, bringing the waters of Lake Erie to the lower level of Lake Ontario, almost midway in its length pours them in a roaring, foaming cataract over the magnificent precipice of the world-famed Niagara Falls, thus interrupting the navigation of that river for eight or nine miles.

Fort Erie is situated on the Canadian side at the entrance of the river, which is a mile wide there. Two miles above the Falls is the village of Chippewa, and seven miles below the Falls, halfway between them and Lake Ontario, is Queenston, facing Lewiston on the American side, across the swift flowing river, only 250 yards wide at this point.

Fort George was six miles lower down, and a mile further the village of Newark, now Niagara-on-the-Lake, the first capital of Upper Canada, was opposite Fort Niagara, then a strongly fortified U.S. post at the junction of the river and lake. The old Fort Missisauga had once occupied the extreme point, but there remained, in 1813, only a light-house and an old battery of one gun, to mark its location.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

The first battle of the War of 1812-14 had for its setting some of the grandest scenery in the world, and from the summit of Queenston Heights a scene magnificent in extent, and lovely in its details, is unfolded to the view.

Far below, the Niagara river rushes eddying and dimpling from the gorge and pours its turbulent waters into the blue expanse of Lake Ontario, making another link in the chain of the great inland seas, through which runs the dividing line between Western Canada and the United States.

In the distance may be seen the silvery mist of the world-famed Falls, and the foaming river whirling dizzily from its mad leap over Niagara's rocky barrier.

The little town of Queenston, perched high on a rocky plateau, looks across to the towering cliffs of Lewiston Heights, and behind the town the land rises hill on hill to Queenston Heights 340 feet above the river.

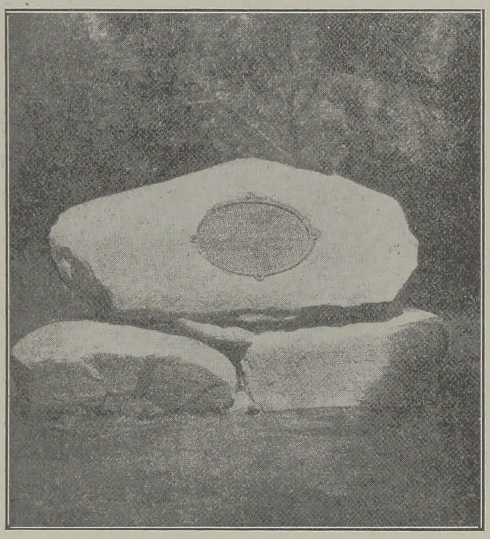
Shrubs and trees dot the Heights and on the green rise which then was topped by that Redan Battery, the central point of the battle, stands a plain cenotaph marking the spot where fell the brave British General shot through the breast, as he led the attack on this battery which had been gallantly captured by the Americans.

Two years ago the site of the battery was verified, and a brass tablet placed there on a huge boulder, memorializing the fall of Colonel McDonell, Brock's aide-de camp, at that spot.

Traces also of the Guard house, Hamilton's house, where General Brock's body was laid, and Vrooman's battery, can be seen by anyone interested in studying the thrilling details of this important engagement.

High on the summit of the Heights stands the splendid sculptured column which commemorates the heroic death of Major General Sir Isaac Brock, and the glorious victory of Queenston Heights. The shaft, which may be ascended by an interior stair, is surmounted by a statue of the hero, and a beautiful park surrounds the monument.

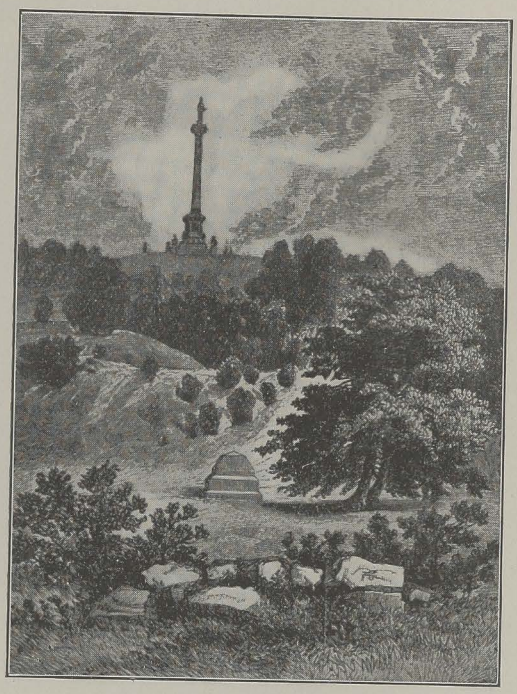
This monument was erected in 1842 to replace one erected there in 1842, by the vote of a grateful Province, and feloniously destroyed in 1840 by a miscreant from the United States; and it is interesting to read in Charles Dickens' "American Notes" of the author's visit to Queenston two years after this "unpunished outrage," and his indignation on seeing "the melancholy ruin, with a long fragment of iron railing hanging dejectedly from its top, and waving to and fro, like a wild ivy branch or broken vine stem."



At the time of the war the little town on the banks of the Niagara was quite an important post on the Canadian frontier, for there was the distributing point for the stores and supplies brought from Lower Canada by the Government for the needs of the Western forts and pioneers of the western country, which was being rapidly populated and developed.

And through this gateway of the West, poured a tide of trade and travel that filled the little town with a motley crowd of trappers and traders, soldiers and savages, merchants and voyageurs, when the fur traders brought their canoe-loads of valuable furs to be exchanged for the commodities of civilized life. Now all the tide of commercial renown has ebbed away from the little town, peace and prosperity have pushed the picturesque conditions of those stirring times far back into parts of the country then wholly unknown and unexplored, and, instead of the fur-laden canoes of

the trader, the river now bears past palatial steamers, plying between Lewiston and the lake ports of Ontario, and even the contour of the hills and cliffs has been changed by the exigencies of the iron-lined highways of electricity and steam.



QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

Yet even now, one standing by that magnificent memorial shaft, and looking over the town and river to the steep bluffs of Lewiston Heights, may feel constrained to give the rein to imagination, and people again this famous battleground with the opposing hosts of the invader and defender, who all that chill October day battled for the possession of Queenston Heights and all that it meant to the victor.

THE BATTLE.

For just across there, in the misty dawn which concealed their approach, swarmed the boatloads of American troops to the attack on Queenston Heights, October 13th, 1812, awakening the watchful garrison to sudden activity on discovering the enemy landing on the narrow strip of beach just below the town.

After the astonishing surrender of Fort Detroit to General Brock's force and the capture of Fort Michilimackinac in August, 1812, Brock would have followed up these inspiriting victories by an immediate attack on Fort Niagara and the river frontier, but was balked in his purpose by the Governor General Sir George Prevost's policy of forbearance and conciliation and his hands tied by the month's armistice then arranged with General Dearborn of the U.S. army. Meantime the Americans, quick to take advantage of the cessation of hostilities, were pushing troops and supplies to the Niagara, and strengthening and fortifying their forts and batteries. There were 6,000 men, regulars and militia, between Niagara Falls and Lewiston, under Major General Van Rensselaer with headquarters at Lewiston. Fort Grey commanded Queenston, as Fort Niagara did Fort George, and strong batteries lined the cliffs.

With headquarters at Fort George, General Brock distributed his defensive force of only 1500 men along the 36 miles of river front from Fort Erie to Fort George—placing batteries a mile or two apart between the fort and Queenston to guard the narrowest points—Now at York, fulfilling his legislative duties, now at Fort George and the fortifications, he was ceaselessly watchful and preparing for the attack which was imminent, but at what point he could not possibly determine.

Queenston had but 300 men to defend it, two companies of the 49th (now Berkshire) Brock's own regiment, which had fought with him under Sir John Moore in Holland, and with Nelson at Copenhagen, three companies of the York and Lincoln Militia, and a small detachment of artillery with two guns. Above the town, half way up the heights, was the Redan battery of one gun, which commanded Queenston Landing, with a company of the 49th, and at intervals of a mile down the river, batteries of one gun, the nearest two being at Vrooman's Point and Brown's Point.

On October 12th a British officer crossing under a flag of truce to Lewiston to arrange an exchange of prisoners, observed preparations for embarking troops, and returning, warned the garrison, then riding to Fort George with his news, was commended by General Brock, who wrote despatches and letters that night until midnight, and slept in his uniform.*

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*One of the letters written that night, and the faded scarlet coat of General Brock, with the pathetic holes through the lapels, may be seen among the historic souvenirs at the Dominion Archives Building, Ottawa.

The next morning ere it was light the sentries at Queenston descried numbers of boats crossing from Lewiston, and very soon the aroused garrison was pouring a well directed fire into the fleet of crowded boats, and on the Americans who had accomplished a landing and were huddled close to the steep cliff to avoid the downward firing of the Canadian riflemen and 49th. The two six pounders did effective work at long range, and many of the crossing troops were killed and wounded before the boats had got halfway over, and the Redan gun, with Brock's well placed river batteries soon joined in, till many of the boats were driven back, and others, battered and helpless, drifted ashore near Brown's Point, and those in them were made prisoners by the Canadians.

The guns of Fort Grey and the American batteries strove to cover the landing of their troops, and to silence the Redan battery on the upper hill, and many of the boats succeeded in landing their soldiers at different points on the shore, but the Americans could not scale the steep cliff under the sharp fire of the defenders, till a brave and daring American officer, Captain Wool, landing further up the river, found a fisherman's narrow path, and led his men to the heights above, undetected by the Canadians, who were directing all their efforts against the boats and that crowded strip of beach.

Six miles away at Fort George the firing was heard, and General Brock was soon on his horse and riding unattended in the dawn to Queenston. Passing Brown's Point, he called on the York Volunteers to follow, and arriving about five a.m. on the scene of the strife, learned that most of the boats had been destroyed or captured, but those landing were holding their ground and another fleet of boats was just leaving Lewiston. Ordering all but a few men down from the Redan battery to assist in preventing the landing of these boats, Brock, who had now been joined by his aides Colonel McDonell and Captain Glegg, rode with them up the hill and dismounted at the battery just as the intrepid Wool had established his men at a point above, and opened a sharp fire on the gunners. Brock was forced to evacuate the position with his few men, not however before his gunners had spiked, and thus rendered the gun temporarily useless to its captors. Then sending a message to General Sheaffe in command at Fort George to bring up the troops and artillery, General Brock formed and led in person a force of about 200 regulars and militiamen up the hill to recover the captured stronghold, but in this charge, conspicuous by his

height and bearing, the brave leader was shot in the breast, and falling mortally wounded, asked that his death be kept from the troops lest they become discouraged, and died with his sister's name on his lips. The hero's body was carried to a house at the foot of the hill, and the fight went on, but the British were driven back by the terrific fire of Wool's force above and retreated to the village, where McDonell, Brock's provincial aide-de-camp, again rallied and formed them, advancing up the hill almost to the battery, under a galling fire, when a shot killed Colonel McDonell; his horse also was shot to death, and several of the other officers being wounded, the men retreated down the hill, leaving the Americans at 10 a.m. in possession of the gun which could be turned on the town and troops below.

Then came a lull of some hours in the warfare, the British troops, withdrawn from Queenston, were at Vrooman's Point, awaiting the reinforcements which were on the way from Chippewa and Fort George, and the Americans bringing over fresh troops undeterred.

General Sheaffe arrived at Vrooman's Point with 300 regulars, about the same number of militia, a few Indians, and a brigade of field artillery under Captain Holcroft, who was left there with his company and heavy guns to prevent the landing of any more American troops.

With the other troops General Sheaffe marched away inland, making a wide detour to the high land behind Queenston Heights, connecting with the forces summoned from Chippewa and Niagara, of regulars, militia, Norton's Indians, a troop of cavalry, and two field pieces, to form a circling line around the whole battlefield so as to bring the Americans between its fire and that of the artillery at Vrooman's Battery, and again attack the hill battery from the rear.

Brock's death was now known to his soldiers and the whole Canadian army, regulars, volunteers and Indians alike, were furiously eager to avenge their beloved chief and drive the invaders from their hold on Canadian territory.

The decisive struggle began about 3 p.m., when Sheaffe, gradually closing in the cordon, hemmed in the American forces, who, surprised by the unexpected direction of the attack, offered a vain resistance to the enclosing fire.

General Rensselaer hurried over the river for more men, but the American militia there refused to cross to the assistance of their comrades, being enlisted, they claimed, to fight *only within* their own borders—and soon after, the advancing British line closed in with a terrific down-hill charge, accompanied by the wild yelling of the Indians and vengeful shouts of Brock's "green tigers," driving the panic-stricken Americans, whom their officers bravely strove to rally, to the very brink of the cliffs over the river, into which in their mad fright, many fell or plunged to their death.

Then at last the guns of the American forts were silenced and General Wadsworth with nearly a thousand men, surrendered to General Sheaffe, the dreadful carnage ceased and the glorious victory of Queenston Heights was complete.

Major General Sir Isaac Brock, whose death, so fearfully avenged, was a disastrous loss to Canada and the British army, was gazetted a Knight of the Bath a few days before he died, winning the praise of the Prince Regent and the loud acclaim of all London for his victory at Detroit. But these honors came only to a dead hero, entombed in a bastion of Fort George, till the grateful Canadians had prepared that stately monument and burial place on Queenston Heights, where now he lies with his brave aide-de-camp Colonel McDonell beside him.

STONEY CREEK.

In the summer of 1813 another important battle was fought at a place not far inland from the lake shore of Ontario, where is now situated the beautiful city of Hamilton, on Burlington Bay.

After the loss of Fort George to an overwhelming force of Americans on May 27th, 1813, the British Commander, General Vincent abandoned every British post on the Niagara river, to concentrate his troops at Burlington Heights, which was near a good harbor for the eagerly-looked for British fleet of Lake Ontario, and about the same distance from Niagara and York, now Toronto.

The American General Dearborn did not at once follow up his advantage, but in June marched with a large force to attack Vincent's headquarters. They had reached Stoney Creek, a village only seven miles from the British camp, and halted for the night, taking up a strong position across the main road.

At the right towards the lake shore, was an impassable swamp, and their left was protected by the hill and woods, while in front was the level meadow of a clearing, and this camping ground was the field of the desperate battle of Stoney Creek.

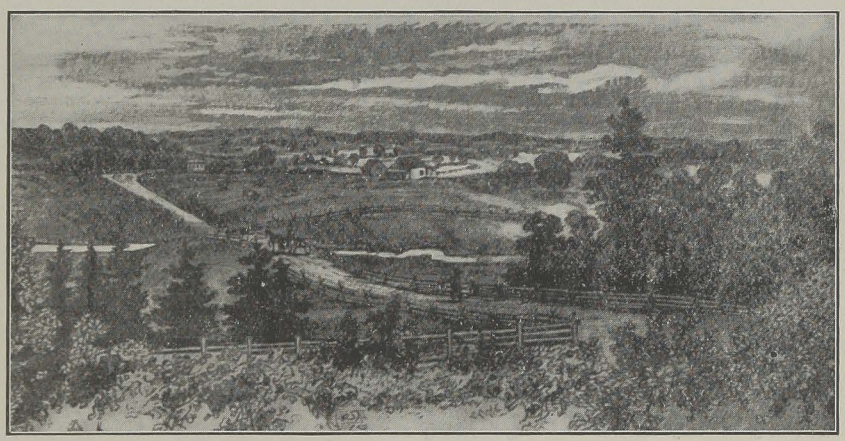
General Vincent at Burlington Heights, had learned of the approach of the enemy, led by Brigadiers-General Winder and Chandler, and in his discouragement, acceded to the bold proposal of his Adjutant-General, Colonel Harvey, to anticipate the attack by marching forward in the darkness with their smaller force to attack the American camp that night.

The surprise was complete. The sentries were noiselessly despatched, and the Americans vainly attempting, in the darkness, to form in line of battle, were after two hours of desperate fighting, put to flight, leaving their guns, stores, and about 100 prisoners, including the two Brigadiers, in the hands of the victorious British, who had only 700 men to oppose the 3,000 American soldiers and their artillery.

About the same time the ships, which had accompanied the expedition, were surprised and captured by the British fleet, and the advance on Burlington Heights was abandoned, the Americans retreating to Fort George. The heroic achievement of Colonel Harvey saved the Niagara peninsula, and inspired with new courage the disheartened Canadian and British soldiers.

Colonel Harvey, the hero of this battle, was afterwards made Governor of New Brunswick, then Governor of Newfoundland, and later of Nova Scotia, and the locality of this daring deed is now the most populous and productive district of the Dominion.

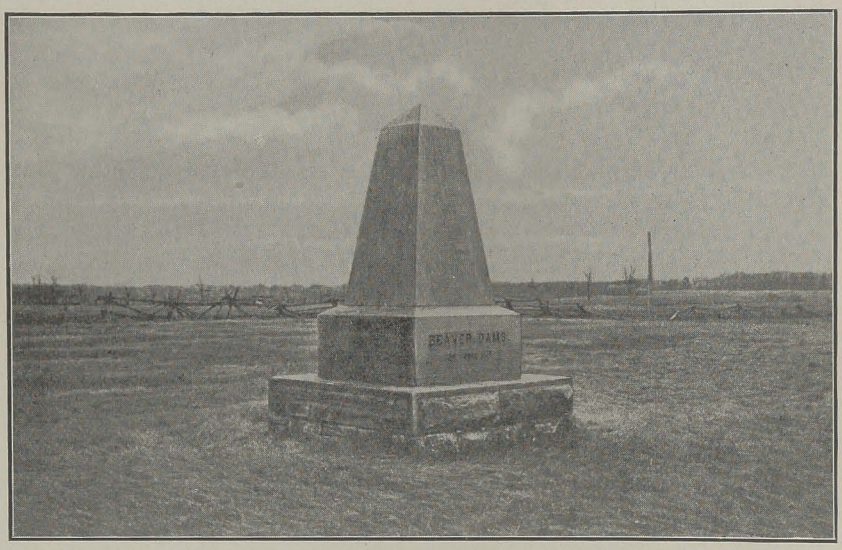
The old Gage homestead, commanding a view of the battle-ground, is now fitted up as a museum by the Wentworth Historical Society.



STONEY CREEK BATTLEFIELD

BEAVER DAMS BATTLEGROUND.

The scene of another famous engagement of the War of 1812-14, was about sixteen miles from Fort George on the road from Queenston to the shore of Lake Ontario, but is now mostly submerged in the waters of Welland Canal, on whose banks, near Thorold, now stands a plain stone memorial of the battle. Here was stationed a British outpost, in charge of Lieutenant James Fitzgibbon, a name now famous in the annals of this war.



Shortly after their reverse at Stoney Creek, the Americans, now concentrated at Fort George and Queenston, planned to surprise Fitzgibbon's post at Beaver Dams, and Colonel Boerstler was sent with 600 men and artillery from Fort George, to carry out the project.

Marching along the Niagara river to Queenston, the party halted there for the night, and very early next morning set out on their twelve mile march to Beaver Dams on 12-Mile Creek.

But Fitzgibbon had been forewarned by the brave Canadian heroine Laura Secord who, having overheard the American officers billeted at her home that night, speak of the intended surprise, started out at dawn, cleverly eluding the sentries, and walked twenty weary miles through the perils of trackless bush and swamp lands to save the little garrison.

Lieutenant Fitzgibbon prepared for the enemy by calling to his aid the scattered bands of soldiers and Indians in the vicinity, and contrived so clever an attack on Boerstler's advancing force, that the intended manoeuvre was reversed, and Fitzgibbon's small command of 75 soldiers and about 200 Indians surprised and captured 500 American prisoners, two guns, two ammunition wagons, and the colors of the 14th U.S. regiment.

CHIPPEWA.

There is another battleground of the Niagara frontier, near the well known village of Chippewa, at the junction of the Chippewa or Welland river with the Niagara, two miles above the Falls, and the battle of Chippewa or Street's Creek (it is known by both these names) was a victory for the Americans.

In July of 1814, for the third time, Canada was invaded by an American force, not so confident now, of an easy conquest, but eager to attack, before British reinforcements could arrive from England.

Troops were massed at Buffalo, and an army of 6,000 men, with considerable artillery, crossed the river, and without opposition, occupied Fort Erie, taking about 100 prisoners.

On July 4th, the Americans marched down the river sixteen miles, reaching Chippewa next day.

Here they were met by the British under General Riall, who with a much smaller force, had pluckily determined to resist the advance of the invaders.

The two armies faced each other on either side of Street's Creek, a little stream falling into the Chippewa, two miles above the village, till the Americans advancing across the creek, were fiercely attacked by Riall's force in a charge paralleling that famous one of "The Light Brigade" in dashing bravery and hopelessness.

The American artillery made fearful havoc of the British line which met time after time, the deadly volleys with determined courage, until after the unequal battle had lasted over an hour, the defeated British were compelled to retreat, without, however, loss of guns or prisoners, but of killed and wounded a fearful number.

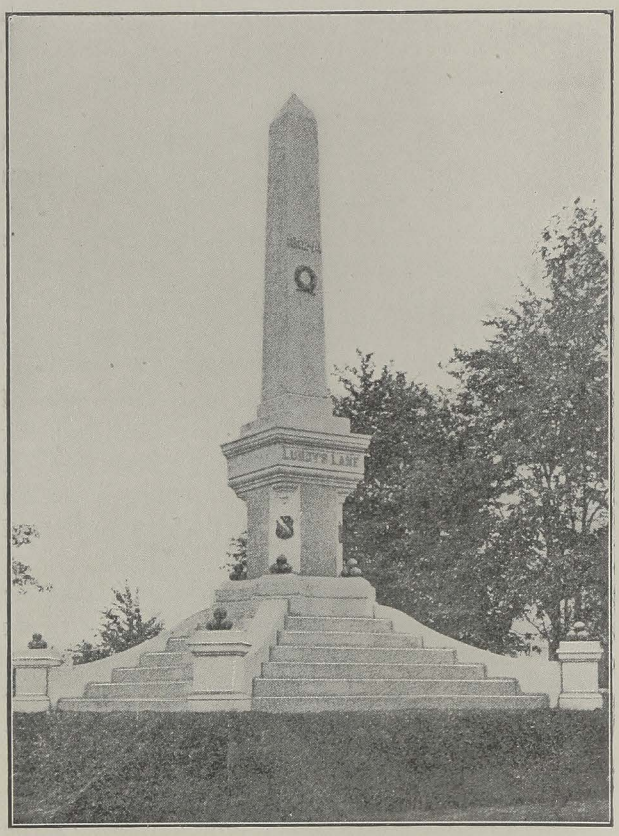
LUNDY'S LANE.

A narrow, uphill country road, now a street of the town of Niagara Falls, Ontario, lined with beautiful orchards of peach and

apple trees, fruitful fields and vineyards of Niagara grapes—a place of comfortable homesteads and farm lands, was the scene of the fiercest battle fought in that three years' war.

The battle of Lundy's Lane, or Bridgewater, has been so graphically described by another member of the Society, in a most interesting paper, published in our first volume of Transactions, that I shall speak only of the battlefield where, all that summer evening, the din of furious conflict mingled with the ceaseless thunder of Niagara's mighty cataract, scarce a mile away.

On top of the hill, for here is the highest point of land between the two lakes, stood a little wooden church, and the soldiers fired among the graves of its adjacent cemetery or knelt among the growing grain to take a surer aim.



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, LUNDY'S LANE

Even after darkness fell, the fierce battle raged, with frightful carnage on both sides, till at last midnight found the Americans in retreat to Chippewa, and the victorious British soldiers lay down in utter weariness, to sleep on the hard won field where so many of their comrades were lying white and still in the sleep that knows no waking.

Handsome, modern houses and neat gardens now line that climbing street, and ascending its length in the hot sunshine of a summer day, I found no trace of the famous battle till reaching the hilltop, there was the same little cemetery and the church too, now enlarged and improved—and there among the many graves rose a noble monument to honor the soldiers slain in that bloody battle, and near it, a portrait bust surmounting the stone shaft which is inscribed with the name of Canada's famous heroine, Laura Secord.

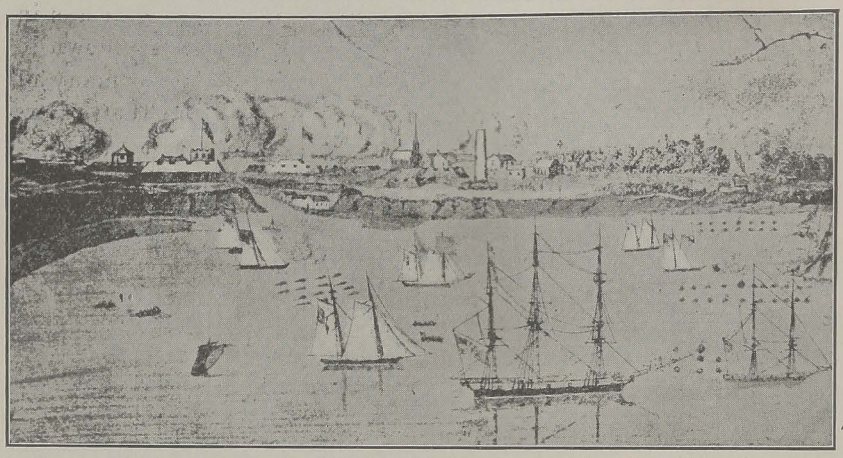
In the enumeration of the historic fields of conflict throughout this Niagara Peninsula, there should be included, it seems to me, the two strongholds, Fort Erie and Fort George which, guarding the river at either end, were so often lost and won, surrendered and retaken, abandoned and re-occupied, till at the termination of the war, they both remained as they were when it began, British possessions.

As the war swept with dreadful destruction through the years, and success crowned alternately the banners of Canada or the United States, now the forts and frontier towns of the Niagara would be swept clear of British occupation and American armies occupied, burned and ravaged the Canadian border; then, in turn, the Americans were chased from the Canadian shores and in dreadful retaliation, their border towns, forts, and villages given to the flames, so that these two forts in a greater measure perhaps, than other places, were subject to the varying fortunes of war.

FORT GEORGE.

Was the first headquarters of Simcoe, first Governor of Upper Canada, and about a mile further up the Niagara than Newark, now Niagara-on-the-Lake, the first capital of the Upper Province.

In 1812 Fort George was the headquarters of the British frontier forces. Here General Brock lived and here his notable prisoner of war, General Hull, wrote to the American Secretary of War, his report of the surrender of Detroit to Brock.



TAKING OF FORT GEORGE 1813

In May 1813, the Americans having captured and burned York, now Toronto, attacked and captured Fort George, the British retreating to Beaver Dams and Burlington Heights

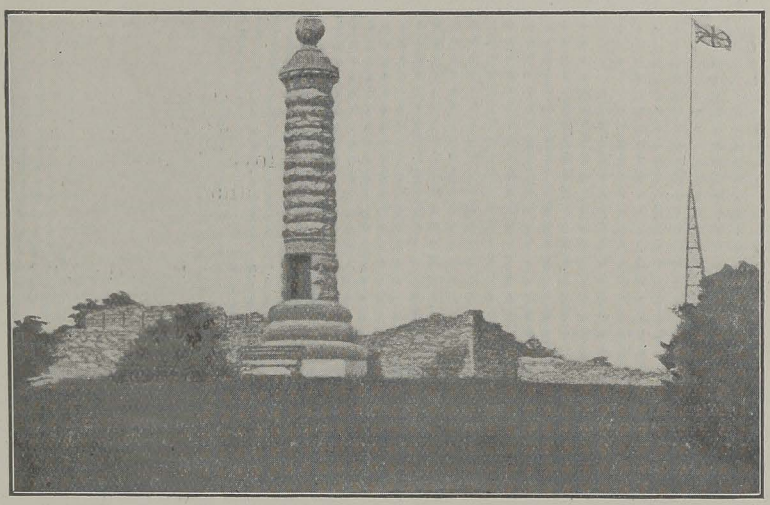
The following winter the Americans abandoned the fort, inhumanly burning the village, and retreated to Fort Niagara just across the river.

And again the British occupied the fort, then crossed the river, captured Fort Niagara and wreaked a terrible vengeance for the burning of Newark in midwinter.

Now the site of Fort George is almost obliterated, all that remains now of the historic British stronghold is an old stone building, now used as a powder magazine, and, almost hidden by ragged shrubbery and interlacing grasses, the stone slab which marks the first burial place of the hero of Queenston Heights.

FORT ERIE.

The old fort, which was not very large or strongly fortified, stood on the Canadian shore, just where the Niagara river issues from Lake Erie, and is now but a crumbling ruin, moss-grown and formless, looking out on lake and river. Beside the old walls there stands now a massive stone pillar erected in memory of the officers and men of the British army and navy who fell during the siege of 1814.



On the night of November 28th, 1812, the fort, occupied by a small garrison of British regulars, was attacked by an American force from Buffalo, but successfully resisted, and the defeated enemy returned to Buffalo again.

Again, in the summer of 1814, the third year of the war, an American army crossed from Buffalo, 6,000 strong, and old Fort Erie, with its weak defences and small garrison of 150, surrendered to the enemy.

The Americans then strengthened and enlarged the fortifications, and later marched out with a strong force to Chippewa, where they met and defeated the British army at Street's Creek, and subsequently, at Lundy's Lane, were in turn defeated, retreating in great disorder to Fort Erie.

In August 1814, the British, under General Drummond, boldly attacked the now well fortified post, but were repulsed with great loss of life. They then blockaded the fort till September, when the siege was raised and the British withdrew to Niagara. But shortly after the American garrison, greatly weakened and discouraged, evacuated Fort Erie after blowing up the fortifications, returned to the American side of the river, and the war ended on the Niagara frontier.

Now almost a hundred years of peace have covered those scenes of strife and bloodshed with populous towns and beautiful homesteads, with fertile fields, groves of fruit trees and acres of grape-vines.

Railroads now traverse the peninsula, and a noble waterway, which laughs at the colossal barrier of the Niagara, and carries its well laden boats safely by, from lake to lake.

But the memories of those who made these historic spots famous, and the heroism and self-sacrifice which kept Canada entire to her people, are enshrined in the loyal hearts of all Canadians, and writ large in the glorious annals of the British Empire.

MARGARET H. AHEARN.

For the information gathered together in this paper, the writer would express her indebtedness to: The Dominion Archives, "The Canadian War of 1812," C. P. Lucas, C.B.; Tracy's "Tercentenary History of Canada"; "Life and Times of Sir Isaac Brock," D. B. Read; Lieut.-Col. Cruickshank's "Documentary History of Campaign on Niagara Frontier," and "Historical Sketch of War of 1812-14," by Agnes Maude Machar.

Battle of the Windmill, 1838

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa,

THE War of 1812-14 being over, and peace once more restored, a political struggle began in both Upper and Lower Canada which lasted for a great many years—a struggle for responsible government. At that time, the government consisted of a House of Assembly, whose members were representatives of the people, but whose power was very limited, being unable to carry out their decisions, and an Executive Council, whose members, appointed by the Governor, held office for life, and were responsible to no one. All the power was in the hands of this Council, or Family Compact as it was called (on account of the close relationships between its members). They controlled the government offices, real estate, nearly all the business of the Province, were the advisers of the Governor, and did not approve of the education of the lower classes. This seemed contrary to the spirit of British freedom, and enraged the people, who wanted the members of the Executive to be elected by the people.

The "Reformers" as they were called, related their grievances to the Colonial office, which was in sympathy with them, and was willing to limit the power of the "Compact," and secure the rights of the people, as far as they could, but they were not willing to have the Executive responsible to the people. They thought, as did the Compact, that if the colonists had self government, they would grow too independent and in time might throw off allegiance to the Crown, as the people to the south had done. But we, of later years, know how the granting of self government has but made Canada, and other countries, under the British Flag, who enjoy that privilege, more loyal and true to the Mother Country.

Upper Canada at this time needed a wise and tactful Governor, one who would conciliate the two parties. Neither Sir Francis Bond Head nor Sir George Arthur was the right kind of man. Both allied themselves with the Compact and despised the Reformers.

The tyranny of the Compact became more and more unbearable, until William Lyon Mackenzie, a fiery Scotchman, and member of the Assembly, issued a proclamation calling on Upper Canada to rise in rebellion, 1837—(with a population of nearly 400,000).

He had quite a following among the extremists of the Reformers, but the greater number being more moderate in their views, although strongly opposed to the Compact and in favor of self government, were not willing to engage in a civil war. A struggle for constitutional rights was one thing, a rebellion quite another.

Mackenzie planned an attack on Toronto, but was routed by the militia. He and some of his followers fled to the United States, where they related their grievances, and many believed that Canada really wanted a republican government. The American border towns were in sympathy with the rebels (as we must now call them) and were willing to go and fight for the freedom of Canada, in spite of the fact that President Van Buren had issued a proclamation forbidding the Americans to attack a friendly power.

Mackenzie took up his position, with his followers, on Navy Island, in the Niagara river, where he was assisted by American sympathizers.

The destruction of the steamer "Caroline" in December, 1837, owned by the United States, stirred up the feelings of the Americans. This vessel, being used to transport arms and ammunition to the rebels, while they were on the island, was seized by the Canadian militia, set fire to, and sent flaming over the falls. Secret Societies, called "Hunters' Lodges" were formed in the United States. They originated in Vermont, in May 1838, the members being bound by oath, to impose on Canada republican government, and make it a state of the Union. The "Montreal Gazette" of 1838 says, "the number of these 'Lodges' was 1,174, with 80,000 members, and had $300,000 at their disposal."

It was through these influences that an invasion of Canada was planned. The place for landing was well chosen, being "Windmill Point," in the district of Johnstown, a mile and a half below the town of Prescott, on the St. Lawrence, where stood a circular stone windmill 80 feet high, with wall between three and four feet thick. A number of small stone houses stood round the "Mill" and were surrounded by a thick brushwood.

On November the 10th, 1838, the steamer "United States," with a body of American adventurers, left Oswego, sailed down the St. Lawrence, having in tow two schooners, carrying guns and ammunition. On the 11th they were off Brockville and it was at first thought that that town would be the point of attack, but they proceeded a little farther down the river and anchored at Ogdensburg opposite Prescott.

The "Experiment" a British armed steamer which was lying at the Prescott wharf, as the "United States" came out from Ogdensburg and passed down to Windmill Point followed, firing on the American boat but without effect. The "United States" succeeded in landing her men, but as she was returning with four or five hundred more, was prevented from landing by the "Experiment" and driven back to Ogdensburg. She was afterwards seized by the United States Marshal, and sent back to Sackett's Harbour.

All afternoon and evening the invaders spent in fortifying their position, having taken possession of the Windmill, and the other stone buildings. Their number was thought to be about two hundred, which was increased by the crossing of small boats, during the evening; but by the seizure of their steamer, with the two schooners, all further supplies of men, arms and provisions were cut off from the invaders.

VON SCHULTZ.

The main leader of this expedition was Von Schultz, a Pole, who, some time before, had fled from Poland during exciting times there, and had taken refuge in the United States. He seems to have been a man of good family, considerable fortune, educated, brave and ready for an adventure. As soon as he heard of the troubles in Canada, rushed to her aid and was willing to contribute towards an expedition, that would free Canada, for he like many Americans thought Canada was ready for a rebellion, and would be glad of assistance.

Having heard that a body of Americans had really landed in Canada, Captain Sandon of the Royal Navy, with two armed steamers left Kingston immediately for Prescott, where he was joined by the volunteers under Col. Young. A little later Lieut. Johnson arrived with four detachments of the 83rd regiment and two field pieces.

Early on the morning of the 13th November, 1838, firing began, principally directed against the Mill—but without effect. An eye-witness says, "A line of fire blazed along the summit of the hill in the rear of the Windmill, for about eighty or one hundred rods, and the crack of rifles and muskets made one continuous roar." After firing for some time without making any impression on the mill, and seeing they could not capture it, without more men and heavier guns, fighting was discontinued till reinforcements should arrive. Several British regulars were killed during this affair,

among them Lieut. Johnson, the brave young officer, who commanded the detachments of the 83th regiment, Lieut. Parker of the Royal Marines, and a number of the rank and file.

The fight all through was watched from the American shore by great crowds, who kept up enthusiastic cheering to encourage their countrymen. Several boat loads tried to cross to their assistance, but were driven back by the armed steamers on the river.

On November 15th a large body of troops and a quantity of heavy artillery arrived from Kingston, and with Lieut.-Col. Dundas in command, took up their position 400 yards from the mill.

In a letter, written from Kingston by Lieut.-Col. Dundas, dated 18th November, 1838, three days after the fight, to Col. Foster, Adjutant General (a copy of which is preserved in the Archives), he describes fully the taking of the Windmill. It is most interesting, and reads:—

"It was late in the day before I arrived in position, which I took upon rising ground, about 400 yards from the house and mill occupied by the brigands. They did not venture out of the buildings to oppose us, and Major Macbean, having placed one gun to batter the house in front of the mill, and the other, further to the left, and more in advance to act against the mill, opened his fire against the house with some effect, nearly every shot perforating the building.

"The masonry of the Windmill was so strong that but little impression was made against that building. Capt. Sandon, R.N., with two gunboats and a steamboat, took a position on the river below the mill, which he commanded from the 18 pounders, but could not succeed in effecting a breach in that building. It being now late and daylight wearing away, I moved close to the buildings, the militia acting on both flanks, and so posted to prevent the escape of the brigands, and supported by a company of the 93rd regiment under Major Arthur, who joined us just as we were taking up our position, on march from Cornwall.

"A fire of musketry was opened from the house, which was quickly replied to, and the howitzer being more forward on left, opened on the building, which the brigands, under cover of darkness evacuated, and concealed themselves in the brushwood on the bank behind the mill, where they were subsequently captured by the militia, among whom was Von Schultz, a Pole, one of the leaders.

"The buildings to the left of the mill, having been gained with little opposition, we set fire to, and a white flag having been displayed from the mill, from which there had been no firing, and darkness having set in, I deemed it just to accept an unconditional surrender.

"Eighty-seven persons were marched out of the mill, sixteen more wounded subsequently carried out, a large quantity of powder and several stands of arms found in the mill, together with three pieces of artillery, which had been placed in a battery in front of the door, constructed of loose stones, but were not discharged during the day.

"All the buildings which had been occupied by the brigands, were set on fire, with the exception of the mill, which was occupied that night by a company of militia. I am happy to say that the capture of these has been effected, on this occasion, with the loss of only one man of the 83rd regiment.

"I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the steadiness and forbearance of the troops, whether regular force or militia, and I beg to call the attention of His Excellency to the loyalty and zeal displayed by the volunteer force, by whose activity and exertion all escape on land had been prevented, and the position of the brigands constantly watched since the affair of the 13th inst., between which date and the 16th, several prisoners were made, the total number now in our hands, including those captured on the 13th, amounting to 160. Notwithstanding every precaution, a connection with the brigands was made on the dark night of the 15th by the United States Steamer 'Paul Pry,' and seven of the number, according to report, carried off.

(Sgd.) DUNDAS,

Lt.-Col. 83rd Regt."

The 160 prisoners, among whom was Von Schultz, were conveyed to Kingston for trial. A few escaped to the woods and made their way across the river in small boats.

Von Schultz during his trial was ably defended by the late Sir John A. Macdonald, then a rising young barrister of Kingston, but all the eloquence of the clever young lawyer could not save his life, and on December 8th, 1838, aged 31, Von Schultz was hanged. Nine others met the same fate. Of the remainder, some were trans-

ported, others were sentenced to imprisonment, but the majority, being young men under age, who had joined the expedition through love of adventure, were pardoned by the Lieut.-Governor and allowed to return to their homes in the United States.

Von Schultz had no mean or selfish motive in joining the invaders, for he was a man of considerable wealth, high aims and ability. He was misguided—a victim of an unwise agitation. His sad fate excited much sympathy among the people of Kingston. He expected to be joined by hundreds more, but they never came, and even his two commanding officers failed him.

It was expected, too, when they reached Canada, that they would be joined by Canadians in large numbers, but not a Canadian joined them—the whole expedition was composed of American sympathizers. This was the most serious invasion that had yet taken place, and would have been more so, had not the United States authorities interfered, and sent a body of troops, under Col. Worth, to Ogdensburg to scatter the remainder of the sympathizers.

The old Windmill still stands on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It has been remodelled, and is now a lighthouse.

Over seventy years have passed since there were such stirring times in Canada. The unhappy uprising which at the time brought suffering and loss to so many, was not without its good results. The cloud had a "silver lining," for the rebellion impressed the British Government that there were real grievances to be redressed. It hastened the constitutional changes for which the "Reformers" contended, and the end of the Family Compact rule. For many years we Canadians have enjoyed the privileges of responsible government, and are a prosperous, happy, and intensely loyal people.

AMEY HORSEY.

Information in this paper has been obtained from a study of portions of J. C. Dent's and Charles D. Robert's Histories, as well as from old pamphlets and letters (copies of which are preserved in the Archives, having been brought to our notice through the kindness of Dr. Doughty and Miss Casey, of the Library, one of our members).—A. H.

The Battles of St. Denis and St. Charles

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa, January 14th, 1910.

THE battles of St. Denis and St. Charles took place during the rebellion in Lower Canada in 1837. It would of course be impossible in the time at our disposal this afternoon to detail all the causes which led up to the historic struggle, suffice it to say that they grew out of the grievances of the French Canadian people against the form of government adopted by the British in the "Constitutional Act" of 1791. By this act the Lieutenant Governor appointed his Executive and Legislative Councils, judges, magistrates, and other officials for life, and as time went on, they monopolized with their friends the patronage of the Crown. But even more important than this was the fact that the revenues were derived from sources over which the Assembly had no control. Joseph Howe has said that "the touchstone of liberty is the control of the supplies." The history of nations bears out this statement fully. The struggle for the control of the national exchequer has not been restricted to one country or to one age. As far back as the reign of King John we find it the basis of the demands put forth in the Magna Charta, and even at the present day in that country which was the very cradle of constitutional government, we find a tremendous campaign being carried on, to decide whether the British people shall or shall not have the final say in matters of finance. It is of particular interest therefore to Canadians who enjoy this privilege to its fullest extent, to recall the incidents in the struggle which took place on Canadian soil, nearly one hundred years ago, by which these privileges were secured. The fight was a long and bitter one. As already stated, the question of supply lay at the bottom of the trouble. The Assembly persisted in passing Supply Bills which the Legislative Council as persistently rejected. Parliaments were dissolved, new parliaments were elected, without a compromise being reached. Largely signed petitions were forwarded to England only to be offset by others equally influential. A compromise was offered by an Imperial Act in 1831, which was refused by the radicals, and so the fight went on, gradually becoming more bitter, until the eventful year of 1837 arrived.

The condition of the province of Lower Canada in the late summer and early autumn of 1837 was most serious. We are told that bands of armed men assembled under the pretext of discussing political questions, but in reality to perfect themselves in drill. Papineau and others were inciting the people by violent speeches to resist the government. Clubs were formed having banners such as "Independence," "Papineau and the Elective System," "Liberty." Even the British residents formed organizations in order to keep watch over their opponents. The Doric Club of Montreal, famed for its loyalty, was at any time ready to meet the Canadian organizations of whatever name or title. French and English passed each other on the street with a frown.

At St. Charles, twenty miles from Montreal, a meeting was held on the 23rd October, which was attended by two thousand people and by Papineau, Viger, Lacoste, Coté and John Storrow Brown, all of whom made inflammatory speeches. Armed militia men, hostile to the government, were present at the meeting, and a kind of Declaration of Rights was subscribed and resolutions passed, worded so strongly that even Papineau disapproved. He had led the people to the brink of the precipice, and was himself afraid to make the plunge. Papineau, though a brilliant orator and parliamentarian, was far from being a man of courage. Dr. Wolfred Nelson who presided at the meeting, on the contrary, was a man of vigor, and all for war. The resolutions passed at this meeting were distributed all over the country, and the Bishops of Montreal and Quebec issued pastorals, warning their flocks against the evil counsels of their leaders.

The rebellion had its birth place in the city of Montreal, and in the parishes to the north-east of the city, and it may be said to have had its beginning on the 6th November, 1837, in a street riot in Montreal between the Doric Club and the Sons of Liberty, a French Canadian organization.

Carriere, and other French Canadian writers have in an impartial manner, given details of the various events leading up to and directly connected with the rebellion. It will be seen from Mr. Carriere's statement, that in the Montreal affair of the 6th November, the French Canadian party were the assailants, and first to commence open hostilities, and says that, "the violence of the newspapers, and the commencement of hostilities, compelled the government to issue warrants."

A troop of volunteer cavalry, on its return from an expedition to St. Johns, a village south-east of Montreal, where it had helped in the capture of the postmaster and a doctor charged with high treason, was fired upon by a band of rebels who succeeded in rescuing the prisoners. This episode caused Sir John Colborne, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America, to make every preparation to quell the uprising.

So much for the general state of the province at the time of the rising, let us now consider the position of the rebels at this time.

John Storrow Brown, one of their leaders, tells us that "there was no preparation, no purchase of arms or ammunition nor even a proposition to provide for attack or defence." Again he says, "Those who have heard of the Canadian Rebellion or read of the 15,000 troops sent out to suppress it at a cost of £3,000,000 sterling, may presume it commenced with preparation and combination, but the beginning was precisely what I here relate. It may be asked what we expected to effect with such wretched preparations. I can only answer for myself, that seeing the determined animation of the people, I thought the leaders would remain with them, and the raising of the patriot flag at St. Charles would be the signal of a general uprising, that men and arms would flow in from the United States, and that Colborne would evacuate Montreal for Quebec, leaving us all the countryside. Then I thought we would in the winter send commissioners to England to make a settlement. Ours was simply a provincial war of factions. We were vanquished and the province had to wait a few years for a government based upon the well understood wishes of the people. Had we vanquished them there would have been only a delay of a few months, with an immense saving to the British Government."

Warrants having been issued for the arrest of Papineau, Dr. Wolfred Nelson, John Storrow Brown and other leaders of the rebels on the ground of high treason, the resistance of the rebels against the troops sent to enforce them was the immediate cause of the battles fought at St. Denis and St. Charles—two villages on the Richelieu, midway between Sorel and Chambly.

Two distinct brigades were sent from Montreal by different routes, with the intention of making one combined movement, and thus dislodge the patriots from their stronghold.

Hon. Colonel Gore with two companies of the 24th under Lt.-Col. Hughes, the light company of the 32nd under Capt. Markham, a detachment of artillery and a few volunteers left

Montreal on November 22nd and went by boat to Sorel. At Sorel they were reinforced by two other companies. The same evening he pushed forward to St. Denis, making a detour to conceal his object.

At. St. Denis Dr. Wolfred Nelson was in command. Papineau was with him, but hearing of the enemy's approach left for St. Charles. Though a physician, not a soldier, Dr. Nelson had fortified his post with the skill of an experienced general. He concentrated his forces about a distillery which he owned, and other high stone houses at the end of the village. Under him were about eight hundred insurgents, but only about one hundred had fire-arms, the others being armed with pitchforks and like weapons.

After a hard and strenuous night's march, Col. Gore reached St. Denis about ten in the morning, his men half frozen. A cold sleet falling, benumbed them, and the mud pulled off their boots and moccasins. Not expecting any resistance, he intended to push on without delay to St. Charles, after breakfast. The first files of his column had almost entered the village, when they were fired upon from the windows of the fortified houses, and the engagement thus begun, lasted until three in the afternoon.

The officer of the artillery with his guns, could make little impression until a lucky shot, entering a window, killed several of the defenders. In the meantime, several men had fallen among the troops. Capt. Markham, in leading an assault, received a wound in his left leg, and two in his neck, and later on, only escaped being taken prisoner by the bravery of one of his men who, under fire, carried him off the field. The whole company persevered bravely in their endeavor to overpower the fire of the enemy, and the 66th Light Company, having obtained an effective position, brought down several of the rebels, among them Ovide Perreault, a member of the Assembly.

After gallantly fighting for almost five hours until ammunition began to fail, and reinforcements of rebels were pouring in from the neighbourhood, Col. Gore found himself unable to carry the village with his force, and retired to Sorel, with the mortification of leaving one gun behind, and his dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy.

The rebels' loss was twelve killed, and the troops, six killed.

The repulse of Col. Gore, though not a lasting victory, nevertheless gave heart to the rebels, and we would be led almost to believe, from their showing on this occasion, that had they been well

armed, and better led, they would have resisted much longer the British troops.

This then was the fate of the first of the brigades which left Montreal. After considering the incident of Lieut. Weir we shall go on to consider the fate of the second brigade.

Lieut. Weir, who was sent with despatches from Montreal to Col. Gore, in taking the straight road to St. Denis, at Sorel, passed the troops during the night and reached the village before them. He was taken prisoner, and sent to St. Charles by Dr. Nelson, in charge of two of his soldiers, with instructions to treat him with every consideration, provided he did not try to escape. In his attempt to do so, he was killed in the scuffle. This incident aroused great indignation among the troops and friends of the government, and is of interest, as it was most likely accountable for the subsequent burning of St. Denis, and the almost merciless attack on St. Charles.

The second and much larger brigade was under Col. Wetherall and consisted of four companies of the Royals, two of the 66th, a detachment of artillery, with two field pieces, under Capt. Glasgow, and a detachment of the Montreal cavalry. The deputy sheriff and two magistrates accompanied the expedition.

Leaving Montreal on the 18th of November, after a continual skirmish with the patriots along the route, they arrived at Chambly with several prisoners about sunset of the same day, a distance of eighteen miles.

On the evening of the 22nd all were in active motion towards St. Charles, with the exception of the Grenadiers, of the Royals, and a company left behind in charge of the prisoners.

Time was lost in crossing the river, and the state of the roads being so bad, a cold rain and sleet falling, there was little progress made the first night. Reaching St. Hilaire about ten in the morning a halt was made to await instructions from Montreal, but discovering all connections were cut off by the insurgents surrounding Beloeil Mountain, and hearing of Col. Gore's defeat, and the death of Lieut. Weir, Col. Wetherall decided not to lose any more time. He sent a despatch back to Chambly for the Grenadiers to join him, and upon their doing so, the march to St. Charles was continued.

In order that the troops would be harassed as little as possible by the rebels who lined the road, his further progress was made through the fields to his left.

About a quarter of a mile from the village, a skirmishing party of the brigade received a sharp fire from some houses and barns, loop-holed and fortified. These were immediately fired and one prisoner taken. He was sent on to the village to demand surrender. The summons being answered by a howl of contempt, there was no alternative but to attack the place.

Col. Wetherall hoped that a sight of his troops in "formidable array" would induce defection among the rebels. It at least had the desired effect upon one, their leader John Storrow Brown, who considering discretion the better part of valor, took flight and joined Papineau in his shelter on the far side of the river, where he viewed further proceedings from that safe distance. He had been the most violent in the affair with the Doric Club in Montreal and was according to his own account one of the prime movers in establishing the military camp at St. Charles and raising the patriot flag. His courage failing at such a critical time must have come as a painful surprise to his followers. The sight of the enemy had no such effect on them however. The fifteen hundred or more gathered, courageously stuck to their guns and defended their stronghold with the greatest bravery. They occupied the manor house, a large brick building, which they had seized and fortified with a breastwork, extending about nine acres around. Two old rusty six pounders, found in a barn, were mounted on sleigh runners by the village blacksmith, and loaded with scraps of iron. These were their only artillery, and as they faced the road, did not do their expected work.

The troops, owing to their exposed position in an open field, were subject to a continual fire from the woods on one side, and the river on the other, and began to suffer greatly. When cannonading began, from the fortifications in front, Col. Wetherall with the three central companies charged the breastworks, with fixed bayonets. They were taken with the loss of only one life among the troops, and a few wounded. Nevertheless, the barns and sheds were so well fortified, and so obstinately defended, that it took fully twenty minutes to take them. By this time the guns had advanced, and poured shot upon the multitude of heads before the line, and from left to right a constant charge of musketry was directed, cutting off the patriots from the woods. They were mostly all put to flight, but about fifty appeared on bended knees, with firearms reversed. When the troops advanced to take them, apparently willing prisoners, they quickly assumed an attitude of

attack, and in the discharge of their guns, killed a sergeant, and wounded several other soldiers.

This act of treachery caused, until restrained by the officers, a general massacre. Many in their flight rushed into the Richelieu. The water being icy cold, they met their death.

That the rebels fought to the bitter end, is confirmed by the fact that Col. Wetheralls horse was shot from under him, and the horses of several officers were also shot.

The loss to the troops was two killed, and nineteen wounded. Among the rebels, between fifty and sixty were taken prisoners, and about one hundred and fifty lay stretched among the works. Their total estimated loss was calculated to be about three hundred, so many having perished by fire and water.

The British troops now in full possession, the pole of liberty was seized, and all arms destroyed or thrown into the river. The guns were placed to command the road and the officers and men retired to rest, while the prisoners were lodged in the church.

Capt. Beauclerc, of the Royals, in his description of the battle says, "There I passed a sleepless night, it being requisite to keep a constant watch, as an attempt to rescue the prisoners was generally expected. The alarm was twice given, and the windows manned, the lower panes having been broken out for the purpose of defence, by which means, the temperature was reduced to that of the surrounding atmosphere, then considerably below zero. In the centre of the church a large fire blazed, where groups of soldiers were regaling themselves, along the gloomy aisles a single candle cast its dim light, and by the altar, lay stretched, the dead bodies of the soldiers. In the vestry adjoining the church, the prisoners were lodged, most of whom assumed a kneeling posture, engaged in solemn and silent prayer. The scene made a deep impression on my mind not to be forgotten."

The next day the dead of both sides were buried, and a detailed account of Col. Gore's defeat received, and later, the news that the rebels had evacuated St. Denis, on hearing of the fall of St. Charles.

At dawn the following day, Col. Wetherall began his march back to headquarters. The rebels met him at different points along the road and in spite of their pluck and daring were put to flight, leaving their prisoners behind. Most of the prisoners were the bearers of despatches from the Commander-in-Chief.

Thus Col. Wetherall's expedition ended much more auspiciously than that of Col. Gore, and his success was sufficient to counteract the losses of the latter.

On the 2nd of December Col. Gore, considerably reinforced, again entered St. Denis, and met with no opposition. He recovered his gun and rescued his wounded, and with what might be considered undue severity, burned the village. Lieut. Weir's body was recovered and brought back to Montreal.

The general success of the movement on St. Denis and St. Charles crushed the rebellion in its infancy.

Helpless indeed was the position of the Reformers after these two encounters. They had lost many men, their villages were burned, their stores of ammunition captured and destroyed, but above all they were left in the pitiable condition of a body of men without a leader. Dr. Wolfred Nelson had been taken prisoner, Papineau, Brown, and others, had deserted and fled to the United States. The people had been led into revolt by the eloquence and promises of these men, who deserted them, now in the time of their distress. They were convinced that many institutions of their country should be reformed, and they had not stopped at taking up arms, when other means had failed. Two other battles were fought, but they were but the final spasmodic efforts of a lost cause.

The Reformers had indeed met with several severe defeats in the field, but it cannot be said that they had suffered in vain. People are not aroused to a state of fevered national excitement, and persuaded to brave the horrors of war, unless there is some justice in their claims. And so it was with the uprising in Lower Canada. The rebellion convinced the Imperial Government that there existed some very serious defects in the administration of the provinces, and it forced the Imperial authorities to inquire into the causes of the trouble. The outcome of these inquiries was the granting to Canada, a few years later, of responsible government.

The Rebellion of 1837-38 undoubtedly hastened the acquisition of this much desired boon, and the battles of St. Denis and St. Charles played no insignificant part. A great step had been taken in material progress, and just as individuals reach the goal of their desires after much toil, and after receiving the buffets of fortune, so it is with nations, which do not attain to any great national development except through the self-sacrifice and sufferings of their citizens.

KATHLEEN O'GARA.

The Siege of the Long Sault

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa, February 10th, 1911.

THE history of Canada tells of the many heroic adventures and strenuous struggles of the French colonists in their endeavour to establish themselves in this our fair land.

Champlain, in the face of many difficulties, founded Quebec in 1608, and established the first permanent settlement. The Indians at this time were at war amongst themselves. The Hurons and Algonquins occupied territory which is now included in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Their opponents, the fierce Iroquois, a confederation of five nations, formed from the scattered tribes around Lake Champlain and south of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, were eager to exterminate them. Champlain, whose little colony was in a precarious situation, deemed it politic to side with the more humane nation of the Hurons, and although by this act he gained for the French the lasting hatred of the Iroquois, his work was destined to survive.

It is to M. Olier, founder of the Society of St. Sulpice, that we are indebted for the foundation of Ville Marie, now the City of Montreal. It had long been his cherished project, and the aim of all his desires, to bring the New World into the knowledge of the true faith and add it to the Empire of Jesus Christ. Through his influence, Ville Marie was founded and financed by private persons as a purely religious colony, whence the light of the Gospel might shine forth among the Inidan tribes, who were to be encouraged to settle near the town in order that they might be taught the arts of civilization and see Christianity exemplified in the conduct of the colonists. It was an exalted undertaking without thought of self-interest, solely for the greater glory of God.

The command was given to Paul Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a native of Troyes, France, and a nobleman of distinction, whom Parkman likens to the leader of the first crusade. This little band of four women and forty men, the nucleus of the new colony, arrived at the Island of Montreal on the 8th May, 1642. A simple altar, the site of which is now marked by a granite column, was raised near the bank of the river and decorated by Madame de la

Peltrie and Jeanne Mance. Mass was offered up by Father Vimont, a Jesuit, who accompanied them from Quebec and who solemnly blessed and dedicated the new settlement.

The colony grew steadily amidst the dangers it was ever encountering. The colonists began to cultivate the land and provide for their own wants. Redoubts were built to afford protection. The Hotel Dieu and a parish church were soon completed and the condition of the little settlement seemed full of promise.

During the early years Maisonneuve contented himself with repelling the attacks of the Indians and seeking by quiet resistance to bring them into the fold of Christianity. This policy was producing good fruit amongst the Hurons and Algonquins, but was resented and repelled by the Iroquois, whose savage souls overflowed with bitter hatred towards the stranger.

During the seventeen years of their settlement on the Island, the Iroquois made frequent raids on their outworks. Maisonneuve dare not, with the few men at his command, risk offensive warfare, where a single battle in the open might bring direct ruin to the little colony and expose it to future aggressions and annoyance. The Iroquois sallied forth from impenetrable forests and jungles, to lie in wait for the few who ventured abroad, falling with bloody tomahawk on those found working in the fields. Even when the alarm was given and pursuit followed, they fled with such swiftness that the utmost speed could not overtake them before they returned to rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to follow. Thus the Iroquois harassed the colony by incessant attacks, torturing with unspeakable cruelty any unfortunate settler who happened to fall into their hands. The colonists had seen their promising youths snatched up one after another and carried into captivity, or doomed to torture a thousand times more cruel than death.

In 1653 Adam Dollard, or Daulac, Sieur des Ormeaux, aged twenty-three years, came to Montreal. He had held a military command in France and at once joined the garrison in Montreal. It is said that he had been involved in some affairs which made him anxious to wipe out the memory of the past by some courageous and noteworthy deed.

About this time an Iroquois Indian, captured by a party of French Algonquins near Quebec, told the Jesuits that 800 Iroquois warriors were encamped below Montreal and 400 were wintering on the Ottawa, and that they were preparing to unite their forces and swoop down upon Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec. They in-

tended to lay waste the whole French Colony. The Indians were already mustering for a first descent upon Montreal, where the defenders did not number more than 100, and expected an easy and decisive victory.

At Quebec hurried preparations were made. The colonists crowded into the fortifications from the outlying districts, leaving their homes to the mercy of the Indians.

In the spring of 1660, however, rumors reached Ville Marie that the Iroquois were preparing in large numbers to strike a final blow and destroy the whole of New France. Dollard was at the time Commandant of the little garrison of Ville Marie, consisting of seventeen or eighteen men, for the most part inexperienced in Indian warfare. The entire colony could muster but 140 men all told, and there were according to the census of that year only 3418 French in all Canada. The rumor stated that 300 Iroquois braves were gathered on the upper waters of the Ottawa, while 500 more were camped on the islands of the Richelieu.

In this crisis Dollard, who had youth, genius and enthusiasm, and had long desired an opportunity to perform some heroic deed which would save the colony from its cruel foe, conceived a bold plan and inspired sixteen other young men to join him in carrying it out. His plan was to surprise and, if possible, disperse the enemy in their descent of the Ottawa, to challenge them face to face, "to give no quarter, to take no quarter, to fight even unto death for God and Country." It is not surprising that Parkman calls it an act of medieval chivalry. "The enthusiasm of faith, the enthusiasm of honour, the enthusiasm of adventure." Dollard was like a knight of the early crusades among the forests and savages of the New World.

It is impossible to record all the encounters that took place from the founding of the colony to 1660—a year that should be marked in red letters—the year of the most heroic deed in Canadian history, the defence of Dollard and his sixteen brave companions at the Long Sault. Few events in the world's history, and none in our own, can compare with it. Nothing more disinterested in purpose, or more sublime in perfect sacrifice of life has ever been recorded. Seventeen Canadians face eight hundred howling savages. From the outset they were doomed to certain destruction. There was no escape from death. They knew from the first that if taken alive they would be given up to torture of such cruelty as only savages can invent. That their sacrifice would be the salva-

tion of the colony they scarcely hoped, but possibly it might delay the descent of the Iroquois long enough to enable the Governor of the city to devise temporary defences, or until such time as France would send soldiers to their assistance. But France, then fully occupied with war at home, had no men to fight the Indians.

The battle of the Long Sault is as glorious as that of Thermopylae. The bravery of Dollard as serene as that of Leonidas; both went out to hold against an enemy the one spot that must be passed; both perished, both succeeded by their indomitable spirit in changing the plans of an invincible enemy, both saved their people from impending destruction by the singleness of their purpose and the strength of their arms.

The brave Major Closse, the intrepid Charles Le Moyne and the courageous Picoté de Belestre, when told of the noble and audacious resolution, offered to join, only stipulating a delay of a few weeks until the seed time was over. But Dollard would brook no delay. Burning with ardor to attack the enemy at once, he desired to have the command himself that he might show his love for his country and blot out the memory of any indiscretion committed in the past. He hurried the preparations for his departure. Maisonneuve knowing the intrepidity of young Dollard, willingly gave his consent to the expedition. It might not save the colony, but it might check the Indians and give the colonists more time to strengthen their defences. Fortunately for the salvation of Canada there was no delay. If Dollard had deferred the departure until after seedtime the three hundred Iroquois who were coming down the Ottawa to the Islands of the Richelieu to join the five hundred there, would have passed by before Dollard reached the Long Sault, his designs would have been frustrated, and a general massacre of the colonists would in all probability have taken place.

On the 20th April, 1660, the little band of heroes gathered in the sunny chapel and kneeling for the last time before the humble altar received Holy Communion and offered up their hearts to God and made the willing sacrifice of their lives for their country. With upraised hands they solemnly vowed to Heaven to go forth to meet the aggressors, surprise them and disperse them on the river or challenge them face to face; "to give no quarter, to take no quarter, to fight even unto death for God and Country." Was ever sacrifice more complete? Seventeen young men in the heydey of life, unused to Indian warfare, go forth to die for their country.

The friends of our heroes—Maisonneuve, that courtly chieftain, who had ever watched over them with kindness, Le Moyne, Belestre and Closse, with Jeanne Mance and the gentle Marguerite Bourgeois, joined them in that holy place, offering their prayers to the Omnipotent that He should watch over these heroic defenders and give peace to the little colony. How fervently they prayed! Reverently and with bowed heads, Dollard and his companions received their blessing. The last sad farewells were made and they embarked in their canoes.

On the 1st May they reached the Long Sault Rapids, where the tumult of waters, foaming and seething among the rocks and boulders, barred further progress. They disembarked at a point not far distant from the present site of the village of Carillon, and were surprised to find in a small clearance, where the shore sloped gently to the river, a rough palisade fort, which had been erected by an Algonquin war party the autumn previous, but which was now almost a ruin. They decided to await the Iroquois at this point, as they would be sure to pass the Sault and the location was as favourable as could be found elsewhere. They built their fires and slung their kettles on the shore about 200 feet from the fort.

Here Dollard and his party, while waiting for the appearance of the Iroquois, were joined by 40 Christian Hurons and four Algonquins, who had set out on their own account from Quebec as a war party against the Iroquois, under the noted Huron Chief Annahotaha and Meturemeg the Algonquin. On arriving at Montreal they learned of the hazardous enterprise undertaken by the seventeen Frenchmen and wished to join forces with so brave and resolute a band. They begged Maisonneuve for a letter to Dollard, but Maisonneuve had not much faith in Huron valor and hesitated to give his consent. At last he gave Annahotaha a letter to Dollard in which he left it to the latter to accept or decline the proffered help as he should think fit. Dollard accepted their offer and they all bivouacked together. Morning and evening their voices rose in prayer in three different tongues and the chanting of their evening hymns mingled with the music of the rapids and echoed through the silent forest.

Annahotaha and Meturemeg and their braves welcomed by the Frenchmen were sent out to watch for the enemy. Before long they saw two canoes swiftly approaching. These were met with a volley from the muskets, fired with such precipitation and reckless aim that unfortunately some of the Iroquois escaped, hurried

through the woods and informed the warriors whom they met that they had been attacked at the little fort by a party of French and Hurons. This so enraged the Iroquois that they determined to attack the fort at once. Before the brave defenders had time to strengthen the redoubt, or secure their provisions and water, the turbulent waters of the river were covered with canoes filled with dusky forms, like birds of prey, advancing cautiously to seize their victims. The French and their Indian allies rushed for the little fort, leaving their kettles still slung on the fires, and began a vigorous attack on the enemy. The Iroquois were totally unprepared for such resistance, and, after being repulsed several times, fell back, leaving many of their number dead or wounded on the ground. They solicited a parley with the French, enquired of their number, and asked that hostilities be discontinued until they could hold a council. Dollard agreed to this, provided the Indians would retire to the other side of the river—this distance was desired by the French in order that they might strengthen their defence. The Iroquois commenced to throw up a palisade opposite the fort, in the neighbouring forest.

The French fortunately were well provided with tools and began at once to strengthen their position by driving stakes in the sides of the palisade, filling in with trunks of trees, branches, earth and stones, to the height of a man, leaving about twenty loop-holes at each of which was placed three men with muskets.

The Iroquois did not give them time to complete even this feeble defence before they began the attack again. The besieged defended themselves bravely, killing and wounding a large number of their assailants without losing a single man. The Iroquois were so enraged at being forced to retire in confusion so many times by so small a number that they broke the canoes of the Frenchmen and their allies, making torches of the splinters to set fire to the palisade, but the little band within the fort kept up such a brisk fire of musketry that it was never possible for them to approach near enough with their burning brands to accomplish their purpose.

They tried a third attack and were again repulsed with great loss. After five days the Iroquois concluded, as they could not force the fort, they would send for the 500 Iroquois who were waiting at the Islands of the Richelieu, preparing for the great raid which was to wipe out the French in Canada. Up to this time the French had not lost a man.

The Iroquois continued to harass the besieged with a spluttering fire and constant menace of attack, for five days and nights—five days and nights of untold anguish to the little company pent up in that miserable hovel. Hunger, thirst and want of sleep wrought sad havoc among them. Thirst perhaps was the hardest to bear—the waters of the river danced in the spring sunshine just a few paces from them, but they dare not venture from their defences. At last in desperation a few took their chances and with what vessels they happened to have in the fort, under a brisk fire of muskets ran to the river. The small quantity of water procured under such difficulties only aggravated their thirst. Deprived of water they could scarcely swallow the crushed Indian corn or hominy which was their only food. At last after digging to the level of the river they were rewarded with a little muddy stream inside the fort, but when divided there was hardly sufficient to moisten their parched lips.

To add to their anxiety bullets began to fail. The Hurons and Algonquins insisted on replying to every discharge of the enemy, day or night, and soon consumed whatever ammunition they had with them. The French supplied them from their own store until it was almost exhausted.

The Huron Annahotaha begged Dollard to treat with the Iroquois before reinforcements would arrive. Dollard followed his advice and two Hurons of note offered themselves as envoys, carrying presents, such as were then used in the country on all great occasions of peace or war. The envoys were received with loud cries, whether of joy or mockery, they could not tell.

Among the assailants were a number of renegade Hurons, who had been adopted by the Iroquois. These now approached the fort, hostilities being suspended, and began calling to their countrymen within that 800 warriors were close at hand and that their only hope of safety was in joining the Iroquois, who would treat them as friends. Small wonder that these wretched Hurons, weakened by famine and dying of thirst, listened to their seducers, jumped over the palisade in twos and threes. All the Hurons deserted the unhappy band, except the brave Annahotaha. The Algonquins, who had nothing to expect from their ancient enemy but torture, held their ground with the courage of despair.

This desertion of the cowardly Hurons inspired the Iroquois with the hope of capturing the remainder of the little band by threats or promises, and they approached with the envoys, but

Dollard, seeing their manoeuvres, fired on them unexpectedly, killing some and putting the rest to flight.

On the fifth day of the siege, amid cries of joy and a discharge of 700 guns, the reinforcements rushed up to the fort. The sky darkened with powder, the hills echoed and re-echoed with the noise of the guns. "God and our Country," was heard even above the din, as our heroes met the advance with a booming of guns and discharge of powder. The savage horde was driven back; on they came again and again, until, baffled, these savages began to ask what sort of opponents they had met. How could a handful of men withstand such a number of warriors? These surely were not the few Frenchmen they had expected to meet—these were opponents worthy of their strength. Their anger against the French was so excited, that the enraged savages attacked the fort again, and again, only to be repulsed.

Dollard after the desertion of the Hurons had but twenty-two followers. Their best defence was some large musketoons that carried heavy charges, and scattered widely, causing such havoc among the Iroquois that some were for giving up the fight, but the majority refused, as it would be a shameful thing to be defeated by a handful of Frenchmen with a few Indians in a miserable old fort. Volunteers were called to lead a forlorn hope, and every precaution was taken for one grand concerted attack.

When the Iroquois had resorted to this last attack the French had been holding out for ten days, suffering tortures from hunger, thirst and loss of sleep, and weakened by wounds, but never losing faith in their great cause, praying and fighting with the courage of martyrs and by their example inciting even their enemies to die bravely.

The enemy advanced. The leaders were covered with large shields made of split logs fastened on cross bars, like mantelets, and followed by a mob of howling, screaming savages. The Frenchmen poured a volley of fire from every loophole, but enraged to desperation, the savages reached the palisade and crouching down below the range of the guns, began hacking at the stakes to effect an opening. The besieged threw two musketoons on the miners without dislodging them. As a last resource Dollard filled a large musketoon with powder, plugged the muzzle and inserted a lighted fuse, intending to throw it over the palisade. Unfortunately it caught in an overhanging branch of a tree and fell back among the French, killing some, wounding others, and blinding all for a time.

This tragic incident left the loopholes vacant, and the Iroquois perceiving their advantage, immediately seized it and fired into the fort. At the same time, they succeeded in making a breach in the palisade, and the red demons poured into the fort, falling on the remnant of the brave little band, who, says Dollier de Casson, "Despite this catastrophe, fought as though every man had the heart of a lion, defending himself with sword thrust and pistol shot."

The end had come. Dollard was struck, and above the din of battle sounded the cry, "For God and Country," from the parched lips of the gallant leader, as he fell among the slain.

The fight was over. Three of the gallant seventeen were breathing—these maimed and all but dead were burned—none survived of the French, but Montreal was saved, New France was saved, and Canada went on to her destiny.

Mother Marie de l'Incarnation tells of the startling feat performed by a Frenchman, who, seeing all was lost and that several of his companions, who had been mortally wounded, still breathed, despatched them with sturdy blows of his hatchet, to deliver them by this inhuman act of mercy from the fury of the Iroquois. The brave Annahotaha finding himself about to die, begged that his head might be put in the fire, in order to rob the Iroquois of the glory of bearing off his scalp.

The Huron deserters did not profit by their cowardice, as regardless of their promises the Iroquois tortured some of them, sending others to their village to be dealt with at their leisure. Five of the latter escaped, and it is to them, as well as from admissions made long afterwards by the Iroquois themselves, that the French learned of this glorious battle, which saved the country, or at least averted the storm which threatened the colony. The Iroquois had had enough. They had sated their cruelty upon Dollard and his companions, but had paid so dear a price that they were content to abandon the larger plan of destruction.

The siege of the Long Sault was a deed of surpassing valor—the most heroic fight in Canadian history, and may without exaggeration be called the Canadian Thermopylae. From the very inception of the plan, Dollard and his companions realized that there was no chance of their escaping death—and consider what a fate would have been theirs had the Iroquois taken them captive.

Too long have the names of these deliverers of our country been unknown. Some day on the Ottawa River a grateful country

will erect in their honour a monument in bronze or stone on which in letters of gold will be inscribed the names of the heroes of the Long Sault:—Adam Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, Jacques Brassier, Nicholas Tillement, Alonié de Lestres, Robert Juré, Louis Martin, Etienne Robin, Simon Grenet, René Doussin, Jean Tavernier, Laurent Hébert, Nicholas Josselin, Jacques Boisseau, Christopher Angier, Jean Valet, Francois Crusson, Jean La Comte, and the two children of the forest—Annahotaha and Mituremeg.

"True to their oath, that glorious band no quarter basely craved;
"So died the peerless twenty-two—so Canada was saved."

MAGDALEN CASEY.

Authorities consulted:—Histoire de la Colonie Francaise par Abbe Taillon; The Jesuit Relations, Vol. 45; Lettres de la Venerable Mere Marie de l'Incarnation; Parkman's Old Regime in Canada; Histoire du Montreal par Dollier de Casson.

The North West Rebellion

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa, December 9th, 1910.

ONE of the greatest events, during the first session of Parliament after Confederation, was the movement to annex the North-West. The reasons given by the chief mover, the Hon. Wm. McDougall, were: 1st, that the policy of the Hudson Bay Company to keep the country as a great hunting ground for the benefit of the fur trade, hindered the onward march of progress; and 2nd, that if Canada did not annex the Territories the United States would certainly get the land from the Imperial Government, who did not know the value of the land.

Three years later the negotiations for taking in the North-West were crowned with success so far as the Mother Country was concerned, but the Hudson Bay Company, who claimed the whole region, had to be paid a large sum of money, to be given extensive tracts of land and quite a few privileges.

Then Louis Riel, a French half-breed, published a Bill of Rights on behalf of the French half-breeds or Métis, as they are called, his chief contention being that the Hudson Bay Company had no legal power to hand over land, the property of the Métis and Indians, to the Dominion Government, without their formal consent.

By the Manitoba Act of 1870, each half-breed born in the province, received a grant of 240 acres of land, but many of them sold their claims and sought homes in the wilds of the far west where they could maintain their freedom. However, it was not long before the districts of Saskatchewan, Assinaboia, and Athabasca took shape, and these people found themselves again surrounded by the influences of civilization.

The half-breeds, according to the old French custom, settled on the banks of the larger rivers, each farm having a small frontage, and extending in a narrow strip a considerable distance inland. The system of Dominion surveys which was to divide the country into townships six miles square, subdivided into sections one mile square, did not fit in with this mode of settlement; therefore dissatisfaction arose when the Dominion Land Surveyors appeared.

As early as 1877 one hundred and fifty Scotch half-breeds of Prince Albert petitioned the Government to instruct the surveyors

to respect the established boundaries of their holdings, and from that time till the outbreak in 1885, the old settlers and half-breeds kept up an unavailing agitation to obtain the granting of this very reasonable concession, as well as the granting of their claims to scrip, which had been given to the Manitoba half-breeds.

Unfortunately for the country and its peace, the malcontents, after holding a series of meetings, resolved to invite their old leader Louis Riel, then resident in Montana, to join them. A party of four men travelled 700 miles to seek an interview with Riel. Père André also wrote a very pressing letter inviting him to return to them. Riel needed very little persuasion, and without much delay was back among his countrymen.

At the outset, Riel adopted moderate measures, addressed meetings and urged constitutional means for the redress of the grievances of the people. Many of the English settlers sympathized with this movement, hoping thereby to induce the Government to come to their assistance.

In September 1884, a meeting was held at St. Laurent, on the Saskatchewan, at which a Bill of Rights suggested by Riel was agreed upon, and duly forwarded to Ottawa. These claims, which contained extensive provisions for the half-breeds and the Indians, received no response from the Dominion Government. We cannot believe that the authorities at Ottawa entertained any injustice to the settlers; their indifference can be accounted for, only on the ground of misleading and prejudiced statements sent by trusted officials in the North-West. Some accounts would lead us to believe that the settlers were entirely to blame, that they withheld from the surveyors the proper information regarding their claims, and that they neglected to make application for their scrip, fearing that they would have to pay taxes and that they might be called on to bear arms.

Out of the 854 half-breeds who petitioned the Government, only 241 came from the neighborhood of Batoche, the headquarters of the rebellion. Of these, 99 had received land and scrip in Manitoba many years previous, 40 took their letters patent before the Commission of 1885, and the remaining 102 were not able to prove their claims. This would look as though the Government had done its part and that the half-breeds had no case at all.

No doubt most of the discontent was aroused by Riel, who had been in correspondence with his friends ever since his sentence of exile in 1870. Father André writes, "Riel had for a long time been

stirring up among the Saskatchewan half-breeds the excitement which led to his recall to the country." His one aim was to recover what he had lost by his misbehaviour, namely 250 acres of land and 5 lots, all of which were valued by him at $35,000, which sum, or perhaps less, would have bought him over to peace.

Seeing that his claims were being overlooked, Riel formed a second provisional government after the pattern of the one in 1869, himself at the head of it, with headquarters in the little church at Batoche. Shortly before this he excited the half-breeds to rebellion by asking them to come to his meeting fully armed. Sixty men listened to a very stirring address from their leader, in which he threatened to exterminate all the government police in one week. These 500 mounted police, scattered in small detachments over a vast country, were the only protection of the settlers, in a population of over 30,000 Indians.

There was a mounted police post at Prince Albert, which was 279 miles from the nearest point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and another at Fort Carlton, forty-two miles higher up the North Saskatchewan. Between the two branches of the river was the reserve of the Cree chief "Beardy," and along the south branch was the Métis settlement of St. Laurent.

At Duck Lake, on Beardy's reserve, close to Fort Carlton, Riel made his first attack. On March 18th Riel, at the head of an armed force, began this insurrectionary movement by taking and imprisoning all whom he suspected of being opposed to him. The same day several stores were raided at St. Laurent. When Major Crozier, who was stationed at Fort Carlton, heard of this outrage, he sent to Prince Albert for reinforcements.

Major Crozier had already received a letter from Riel, through Mitchell, who kept a storehouse at Duck Lake, demanding his surrender. On the evening of the 20th, Major Crozier sent Thomas McKay, an intelligent English half-breed, accompanied by Mitchell, to Batoche to endeavor to induce the rebellious half-breeds to disperse. When McKay tried to point out to them the folly and the danger of the course they were pursuing, Riel became much excited, and called McKay a traitor to his government, a speculator, a scoundrel, a robber and a thief. He said, "It is blood, blood; we want blood; it is a war of extermination. Everybody that is against us is to be driven out of the country. There are two curses in the country—the Government and the Hudson Bay Company."

Riel sent two delegates to meet Major Crozier half way between Batoche and Fort Carlton, and asked for the surrender of Fort Carlton with all its stores and property, the police to be allowed to go unharmed. As Major Crozier's instructions to the delegates were that the people should disband, and that the leaders should give themselves up at once, or suffer the penalty of their criminal acts, the meeting resulted in nothing.

Things remained as they were for a day or two, as Major Crozier was anxiously awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Regina under Col. Irvine, Chief of the Mounted Police. On the morning of the 26th Major Crozier resolved to send some teams and an escort to Duck Lake to bring in a quantity of flour and provisions belonging to Mitchell. When they were within a mile and a half of Duck Lake, about forty half-breeds under Gabriel Dumont, Riel's coadjutor, appeared, and after some wild remarks from Dumont an effort was made to seize the teams and to force the men to surrender. McKay, who was present, interfered to prevent bloodshed and the party returned to Carlton without securing the stores from Duck Lake.

THE FIGHT AT DUCK LAKE.

Major Crozier started out at once with a force of 99 men, and with the party that had been turned back by Dumont, made his way towards Duck Lake. When within four miles of Duck Lake, the advance guard of the expedition returned and reported that there were some Indians at Chief Beardy's house on the reserve, and a little later the half-breeds were seen advancing over a hill. As they carried a white flag Major Crozier rode out to meet them, but while talking with them he noticed that an attempt was being made by the rebels to surround his men, and at once gave the order to fire.

The skirmish lasted about forty minutes and was most disastrous. Nine Prince Albert volunteers and three policemen were killed, and about twenty-five others wounded. They had a small brass cannon with them which if fired would have played havoc with the enemy, but unfortunately as Major Crozier was in the line of fire, it could not be used without killing him. There was no possibility of an advance through the deep snow, and as the enemy kept well out of sight, Major Crozier ordered his men to retire. They reached the fort shortly before Colonel Irvine arrived with reinforcements from the west.

Colonel Irvine, now being in command, determined to evacuate the broken down old fort and to concentrate his forces at Prince Albert, where there was a large community to be protected. As they were leaving, some of the buildings caught fire and were consumed.

On the 3rd of April, Riel and his men marched up and took possession of the ruins of the fort.

The news of this encounter soon spread throughout the Dominion, although Riel had done his best to sever communication with the East by cutting the telegraph wires.

The seizure of prisoners and stores by Riel was sufficient warning to the Government to take immediate steps to suppress the rebellion, therefore General Middleton was sent at once to Winnipeg to be prepared for any emergency. After hearing of the disaster at Duck Lake, he lost no time in organizing and despatching a force to the seat of disturbance.

In a few days, more troops were sent from Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, London, and smaller towns. In all, about 4,000 men left their homes at short notice. General Middleton says in his report that "considering the weather, the long distance, the difficult rivers to cross, with inadequate means for so doing, and the fact that the troops engaged were all what may be called untrained citizen soldiers and officers, who had hurriedly left their homes, their offices, their desks, and their farms, at the call of duty, I think that the marching connected with this campaign will compare favorably with that of the regular troops of any other country."

While these troops were being sent to the front, Riel was making preparations to enlarge his forces by making an appeal to the Indian chiefs, Poundmaker and Big Bear being the most prominent. The letters sent to these contained the following sentiments, "Praise God for the success He has given us. Capture all the police you possibly can. Preserve their arms. Take Fort Battle, but save the provisions, munitions and arms." And in another he says: "Dear relatives and friends—Be ready for anything. Take the Indians with you. Murmur, growl, and threaten. Stir up the Indians. Render the police at Fort Pitt and Battleford powerless." He endeavored to take advantage of the superstition of the Indian character by stating that an eclipse of the sun, which was about to take place, was a sign to the tribes to rise and assist

him. Then he turned against his own church, and formed a new religion, of which he declared himself to be the chief prophet. Many of these simple-hearted people became his followers, never suspecting that it was only a scheme concocted to serve his own ends.

General Middleton and his force reached Qu'Appelle on April 2nd. On this same day the most tragic incident of the rebellion took place at Frog Lake, a Hudson Bay Post about thirty miles from Fort Pitt. Inspector Dickens, who was in charge of Fort Pitt, sent word to Quinn, the Indian agent at Frog Lake, to leave with all the white people, and join him at the Fort. Quinn, however, who was married to an Indian woman, had confidence in his own ability to keep the Indians in check.

FROG LAKE MASSACRE.

The news of the success at Duck Lake excited the war-like spirit natural to the Indian, and Chief Big Bear, who had been approached by Riel, started upon the war path at Frog Lake. His Indians entered the two stores, demanded provisions, and then began to pillage. They next went to the chapel and rudely disturbed the service which was being conducted by Rev. Fathers Fafard and Marchand, the day before Good Friday. When the people were on their way home from church, several were taken prisoners, and nine were brutally shot. Quinn was the first victim and Fathers Fafard and Marchand, while endeavoring to save their flock, shared the same fate.

Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Gowanlock, both eyewitnesses to their husbands' villainous murder, were saved from imprisonment by being purchased in true Indian style, the former for two horses, and the latter for one. Then the Indians gave themselves up to revelry, feasting upon the supplies they had stolen and, after destroying the buildings by fire, threw the dead bodies of their victims into the flames.

The people at Fort Pitt began to strengthen their position, and as they resolved to abandon the place, they built two scows in order to float down the river as soon as the ice should break up. Chief Big Bear demanded Inspector Dickens to surrender Fort Pitt. Mr. McLean, who was sent out to parley with the Indians, was taken prisoner and, realizing that trouble was ahead, sent word for his family and the Hudson Bay employes, twenty-two in number, to give themselves up as prisoners, and advised Dickens to get away with the force as quickly as possible.

The small force that was left retired across the river in a scow to camp for the night, leaving next morning on a wretched trip to Battleford in a leaky scow. This is what one of them writes in his diary of their first day's experience: "Up at 4.30 after passing a wretched night. Snowing fast and very windy. Moving slow. Several men frost-bitten. Clothing frozen on our backs. Had some narrow escapes in ice jams. Camped at nine for dinner. Resumed trip at noon." Five days similar to this followed before they reached Battleford, where they were received with enthusiasm. After the evacuation of Fort Pitt, Big Bear took possession of it and its stores.

While these events were happening, General Middleton and his men were on their way to Batoche. As alarming news came that other places were in danger, General Middleton sent one detachment under Colonel Otter to Battleford and another under General Strange to Edmonton, each detachment having a march of about two hundred miles. General Middleton divided the small force that was left under his immediate command so as to move down on both sides of the river.

THE BATTLE OF FISH CREEK.

On April 24th, while approaching some bluffs, the advanced scouts were met by a heavy fire from the enemy, who were concealed in carefully constructed rifle-pits. The men steadily advanced, driving the enemy from bluff to bluff till the half-breeds set fire to the prairie. The fire was put out and the lost ground soon recovered. Finally the half-breeds turned and fled. At this battle of Fish Creek, six were killed and four died from wounds.

General Middleton remained in camp at Fish Creek nearly two weeks waiting the arrival of the steamer "Northcote" with supplies and a gatling gun.

ENGAGEMENT AT CUT KNIFE HILL.

When Lieutenant-Colonel Otter reached Battleford he heard that a large body of Indians under Chief Poundmaker were hesitating between peace and war, and as they had killed three people, besides pillaging and destroying property, Colonel Otter and his men set out on May 1st to surprise Poundmaker's camp, some thirty-eight miles off. Although taken completely by surprise, they almost managed to surround Colonel Otter's men by taking advantage of the cover afforded by hills and ravines, and opened

a most deadly fire on them. After six hours' fighting the two seven-pounders had become practically useless, therefore Colonel Otter and his men retired with eight men killed and fourteen wounded. No doubt this fight at Cut Knife Hill was a means of keeping the Indians in this district from further hostilities.

On May 5th, General Middleton had completed his arrangements for an advance on Batoche, but before doing so he issued a proclamation that if the Indians and friendly half-breeds would return to their reserves and homes they would be protected. Riel seized the messenger and confiscated the proclamation before any of the copies were distributed.

THE BATTLE OF BATOCHE.

The "Northcote" was fitted up as a gunboat and was sent down the river so as to be abreast of Batoche and to make a diversion if possible in favor of the troops during the proposed attack on that place. Early on the morning of May 9th, at the signal of the "Northcote" whistle, the men opened fire, which was returned from the enemy's rifle pits. Captain Howard with his gatling gun did good service in silencing the fire of the rebels, which at one time was very heavy. The troops camped on the same ground as the previous night. The second day's fighting resulted in no advance. On the third day General Middleton set out with a small force to reconnoitre a piece of prairie, which overlooked the houses of Batoche. On the fourth day General Middleton made the same circuit as he had made the day before, and from this position he threw shells into Batoche. In the midst of this firing, a messenger was received with the following letter from Riel:

"Batoche, 12 May, 1885.

"If you massacre our families, we are going to massacre the Indian agent and other prisoners.

LOUIS DAVID RIEL,
Exovede."

General Middleton sent an agreeable reply, but warned Riel not to put men with the women and children. When the General returned to camp at noon he found that the troops had remained in camp, having misunderstood his orders given in the morning to advance. A general attack was made that afternoon in which the soldiers practically took things into their own hands. With cheer

on cheer they broke into a run and drove the enemy out of their pits. During the four days' fighting eight men were killed and forty-six wounded. It was reported that the rebels had a much heavier loss. Riel and Dumont escaped, and a number of half-breeds gave themselves up.

Parties of mounted men were sent out in search of the rebel leaders. Riel was found and taken prisoner, but Dumont had made his way to the United States, where he was safe. Riel was sent from Batoche to the prison at Regina to await his trial.

Now that Batoche was taken and the prisoners released, General Middleton and his men left for Prince Albert, where they received a warm welcome. After resting a day and a half they left on the steamer "North-West" for Battleford to join Colonel Otter. General Middleton had a long interview with Chief Poundmaker and his band, during which he spoke to them very sharply. The leading Indians were retained as prisoners. After making peace with Poundmaker at Battleford, General Middleton set out for Fort Pitt to subdue Big Bear.

General Strange, who had charge of the western column, advanced from Calgary to Edmonton, a post three hundred miles west of Battleford, and by this time had arrived at Fort Pitt, two hunrded miles east of Edmonton. Father La Combe, who had preceded General Strange and persuaded the savages to maintain a strict neutrality, did much to preserve peace among the western Indians, who were the most warlike of all the tribes.

SKIRMISH AT FRENCHMAN'S BUTTE.

General Strange had one encounter with Big Bear at Frenchman's Butte, where three men were wounded. It was found that the hills and gullies were swarming with Indians and as General Strange had a small force, he withdrew and retired to Fort Pitt.

On General Middleton's arrival at Fort Pitt, he was informed that Big Bear's camp had become disorganized, several of the prisoners whom he had dragged about from place to place for three months had escaped, among them Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Gowanlock, and the whole band of Indians were moving northwards. The men followed the trail but the road was found to be impassable for troops. Shortly after this, Big Bear gave himself up at Fort Carlton.

Orders were soon issued for the return of the men to their homes. This ended a rebellion which had taken over three months to suppress, in which thirty-six lives were lost, and nearly one hundred men wounded. The actual number of killed and wounded on the rebel side will probably never be known.

Riel was tried and found guilty of high treason. An appeal was made to the Court of Queen's Bench of Manitoba for a new trial, and another appeal to the Privy Council in England. Both were dismissed. A plea was made on the ground of insanity, to no avail. Louis Riel was hanged in November of 1885, and a few days later eight Indians also shared the same fate.

No doubt the rebellion of 1885 taught both the political body and the military department many valuable lessons. A searching inquiry into the system of government of the North-West, and the means to be employed for the future ruling of the country makes the life of the immigrant safer than ever before.

United in one common cause, French and English volunteers, from every Province in the Dominion, served side by side in the field and most gallantly fought an unseen enemy, achieving a brilliant success in the speedy and effectual termination of the North-West insurrection.

MARGARET ATTWOOD.

The Heroine of Vercheres

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa, January 13th, 1911.

THE pioneer women of Canada have left behind them on the pages of history a long line of notable characters distinguished for their heroism, self-sacrifice and nobility of soul; women who, while preserving all the sweet characteristics of the feminine mind, have proved that courage is not exclusively an attribute of the stronger sex; women who could be completely absorbed and contented in the home duties of wife, mother, sister or daughter, and yet, when occasion demanded, display an exalted heroism, an unflinching resistance and even an administrative power in emergency, equalling that possessed by many a gallant general.

Among the most familiar of such names are Lady de la Tour, who defended the fort in her husband's absence against Charnisay and his soldiers until a cowardly inmate sold himself to the enemy and betrayed the brave woman who, rather than suffer the massacre of her faithful followers, surrendered to the man whose victory had been achieved by such ignoble means.

Madame de la Peltrie and her faithful companion, counsellor and friend, Mother Marie de l'Incarnation.

Margaret Bourgeois, the pioneer of female education in New France, whom Parkman has described as "the fair ideal of Christian womanhood, a flower of earth expanding in the rays of heaven."

Mademoiselle Mance, as much a heroine by right of her renunciation of home, friends, and country, to devote her life to the sick and suffering of a but partly civilized land, as if she had carried the banners of war on to the field of battle.

Abigail Becker, the humble wife of the trapper at Long Point, who risked her own life to save from a watery grave, the crew of a vessel wrecked near her home.

Laura Secord, whose brave journey of twenty miles through brush and forest, where the very leaves in their rustlings whispered of danger and treachery, to serve her country, is recorded wherever the history of Canada is written.

These are but a few of the valiant women whose names have come down to us lustrous with the shining grace of noble deeds which have distinguished our young nation.

In the early days of our country opportunities were not lacking for the display of valor and heroism; and the subject of this sketch was at a very tender age placed in a position which called forth such a show of undaunted bravery, cool judgment and powers of endurance, that she may safely be said to head the list of Canadian heroines.

Child of a country which Parkman describes in its infancy as "a boundless vision of untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool and wilderness oceans mingling with the sky," Madeline de Verchères drank in with the air she breathed, the spirit of the country, a determination to conquer all difficulties, to overcome all obstacles, and to face danger and even death in any form with a cool head and a brave heart.

Madeleine was the daughter of Francois Jarret, Seigneur de Verchères, who came out from France in 1665 as an officer in the Carignan regiment.

On the disbanding of this regiment a few years later, M. de Verchères did not, like most of his fellow officers, return to his own country. Having received through the King, as a reward for faithful service, a tract of land fronting on the beautiful St. Lawrence, about twenty miles below Montreal, this gentleman of France, undaunted by the inevitable hardships of life in this new colony, determined to make his home here. His land being in the direct route of the savage Iroquois, his home or fort was known as "Castle Dangerous," and was built in a manner designed to resist unfriendly invasions and insure the safety of the inmates.

Realizing probably that the deprivations and even terrors of such an existence might prove overwhelming to one unaccustomed to the conditions of pioneer life, M. de Verchères chose as a companion a daughter of the land of his adoption, and wedded in 1672 Marie Perrot, a young peasant girl from the island of Orleans.

With the passing of years came the patter of little feet, and the music of children's voices to gladden the humble home of the French aristocrat in New France; and here, on the third of March, 1678, was born, fourth of a family of twelve, Marie Madeleine, whose name was destined to be inscribed on the honor roll of fame,

and who is more familiarly known to readers of Canadian history as the heroine of Verchères.

For fourteen years Madeleine lived in the humble seclusion of the colonist life; a stranger to the amusements as well as to the advantages enjoyed by the children of our day; learning, very young no doubt, the lessons of household duties; sharing the responsibilities of the rapidly increasing family; even possibly assisting in the fields where work was carried on always with a vigilant watchfulness, and the protection of loaded guns within easy access in case of sudden attacks from the lurking Indians, whose devastating raids were ever to be dreaded.

The de Verchères family had good reason to fear the blood-thirsty and treacherous Iroquois, whose methods of attack are so well described in the following few words of a French writer:—"qu'ils venaient en renard, qu'ils attaquaient en lions, et qu'ils fuyaient en oiseaux," for already had they felt their cruel hand in the merciless slaughter of the young husband of one of M. de Verchères' daughters, Marie Jeanne, who, remarrying soon after, was again widowed by the inhuman savages, who in the same year massacred the eldest son of the house, a boy of about sixteen.

This is the atmosphere of Marie Madeleine's childhood—dearly loved members of her family laid in early graves, the tortured victims of Iroquois cruelty; every day tales of plunder and destruction of property; harrowing experiences of the sufferings of those unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the pitiless foe; and as an offset to this, the home lessons of self-defence and protection; stories of brave vanquishing of the enemy, lectures on self-control in case of sudden danger, and finally practical instruction in the use of firearms with which even the youngest child was familiar.

Added to all this, we must not forget, was the heritage of a brave nature from Madeleine's mother, who, in 1690, had, armed with her musket, put to rout a band of Indians who swooped down upon her when alone in her house.

Can we marvel, then, that when the fateful day arrived when Madeleine was to leap from her obscurity into the blaze of glory surrounding the names of those whose deeds of valor entitle them to a place of honor in the annals of history, she was not found wanting. Child woman that she was, she set an example unparalleled in the pages of history, without even seeming to know she had done anything remarkable.

After the thrilling adventure which began on the morning of October the twenty-second, 1692, and which will be described later in her own words, Madeleine returned to the routine of every-day life, and as no official recognition seems to have been given at the time it is just possible that no record of her brilliant achievement would have been preserved to the country, had it not been for Bacqueville de la Potherie, an officer of the administration who was brought in close contact with Madeleine's family by his marriage with Miss St. Ours, daughter of the Seigneur de St. Ours whose estate was near to the Verchères seigneury, and whose wife was the god-mother of our little heroine. This gentleman was so much impressed by the account of Madeleine's brave deed that he himself wrote of it to the home government, claiming that a young girl who had so signally distinguished herself merited recognition from the King.

He it was, we are told, who seeing the needy circumstances of the family induced Madeleine to appeal herself to the King through the wife of the Minister, the Countess de Maurepas, to whom de la Potherie was related.

The following is a translation of the letter written by Madeleine on October the 15th, 1699, about seven years after the events had taken place, the original of which is carefully preserved in the Archives of Paris in the collection of Moreau Saint-Mery, a copy of which may be seen in our own Archives at Ottawa.

To Mdme. la Comtesse de Maurepas,—

Madam,—Our Canadians get no favors but under the auspices of Mgr. de Maurepas, whom they look upon as their protector. The cruel wars we have up to this time had against the Iroquois have enabled many of our people to furnish proof of their great zeal for the service of the Prince. While my sex does not permit me to have other inclinations than those it requires of me, nevertheless, allow me, Madam, to tell you that I entertain sentiments which urge me on to aspire to fame quite as eagerly as many men.

It happened on one occasion, when I was about fourteen years old, that I found myself some four hundred paces outside the fort of Verchères, eight leagues from Montreal,—which fort belongs to my father, and was then garrisoned by one single sentry only—when the Iroquois, who lay in ambush in the surrounding bushes, made a sudden attack upon our settlers, of whom they carried off some twenty. I was pursued by an Iroquois up to the very gates, but as I had preserved in that awful crisis the little measure of

assurance of which a young girl is capable, and may be armed with, I left in his hands my neck wrap and closed the door upon myself, shouting out: To arms! Then, paying no heed to the lamentations of the women whose husbands had been carried off, I mounted the bastion where the sentry was posted. Shall I venture to add, Madam, that I then transformed myself by donning the soldier's helmet, and went through a variety of movements intended to create the impression that we had quite a number of men in the fort, though in reality we had but one soldier. I then loaded a four-pounder with ball and discharged it at the Indians. The prompt discharge of the cannon had the good effect of giving the alarm to the neighboring forts and make them guard against similar assaults by the Iroquois.

I am aware, Madam, that there have been women in France during the late war who went forth at the head of their peasants to repel the attacks of enemies invading their provinces. The women of Canada would be no whit less eager to show their zeal for the King's glory should the occasion arise.

My father has now been fifty years in the service; fate has dealt hardly with him, and still more harshly with us. We look upon Mgr. de Maurepas as the mainstay of Canada. We his daughters, beg of you, Madame, to honor us with your kindness. May it please your goodness to obtain for me a small pension of fifty crowns, such as many officers' widows in the country enjoy. Should this be impossible, kindly let your good will in my behalf revert to one of my brothers, who is a cadet in the troops. Obtain for him, if you please, an ensigncy. He is familiar with the service, having served in several expeditions against the Iroquois. I may state that one of my brothers was burnt by them. We shall feel bound to continue our prayers to God for your prosperity and that of Mgr. de Maurepas.

I am, with deep respect,
Your most humble, obedient and respectful servant,
MARIE MADELEINE DE VERCHERES.

From the gay court of Louis XIV in sunny France, across the wide Atlantic to the rude homes of the colonists amid the tall timbers of the Canadian forests is a far cry, and probably the story, so unassumingly told, of the little colonist girl of New France would excite less attention in diplomatic circles than the latest conquest of a popular court beauty. In any case, the very modest

appeal of Madeleine did not meet with a response noted for either its promptness or its generosity. Two years passed before anything definite was done; and in that time Madeleine's father, the noble officer who had given half a century's faithful service to his King, died without the comfort of knowing that his family would be remembered in any tangible way by the sovereign they had so loyally served.

In 1701 the King allowed a small pension to be settled upon Madeleine on condition that her mother should benefit thereof, as on account of her humble origin the widow of M. de Verchères would not be entitled to the usual provision made for the widows of officers.

Madeleine's young soldier brother, for whose promotion in the army she had asked in vain, lost his life in the service of the King in the attack of Haverhill in 1708.

In 1706 Madeleine married Pierre Thomas Tarieu de la Naudiere, Seigneur de la Perade, and in 1722 again figured conspicuously under circumstances sufficiently terrifying to shake the strongest nerve. In a quarrel which two giants of the Abenakis tribe had started with her husband in their own home, Monsieur de la Perade's strength would have availed but little against their brute force, had not Madeleine rushed to his rescue and knocked the weapon from the hands of the assasin. She was in turn attacked and in grave danger when her little son Tarien, aged twelve, who had evidently inherited the intrepid spirit of his mother, sprang to her assistance and the struggle turned in their favor.

In 1726 when the Marquis de Beauharnois came to succeed M. de Vaudreuil as governor, Madeleine was enjoying in the prime of life, a quiet existence in the manor house of her husband, Seigneur de la Perade, not far from Three Rivers.

Here she gave to Beauharnois a more complete and detailed account of the memorable events of 1692, explaining the absence of her father and mother, and describing her efforts to cheer and encourage the terrified inmates of the fort during the eight days they were surrounded by the Indians, exposed to their fury and savage assaults.

The first day of the attack she found the only two soldiers left in the place preparing to blow up the fort rather than fall into the hands of the savages. Rebuking them for their cowardice she tore off her hood and donning a soldier's casque, seized a musket and addressed her two young brothers with the inspiring words, "Let

us fight to the death for our country and our holy religion. Remember what our father has so often told you that gentlemen are born but to shed their blood for the service of God and the King." This stirring appeal aroused the fighting instincts of the men, and with her two little brothers they kept up a steady fire upon the Indians, who were thus deceived into the belief that the resisting force was quite large, while in reality the only inhabitants of the fort were Madeleine with her two young brothers, a servant, two soldiers, an old man of eighty, and a few women and children, whose husbands and fathers had just been slaughtered or carried off by the savages.

One of the episodes related by Madeleine gives us an idea of the quenchless courage of the girl. She says, "I remembered I had three sacks of linen and some quilts outside the fort and I asked the two soldiers to take their guns and accompany me while I went out for the clothes, but their silence and sullen looks convinced me of their lack of courage, so I turned to my young brothers and said to them, 'Take your guns and come with me.' 'As to you', I said to the others, 'keep up your fire against the enemy while I go for my linen.' I made two trips in sight of the enemy in the very place where they had so narrowly missed taking me prisoner a few hours before. They must have suspected some plot under my proceedings, for they did not venture to try to capture me, or even to take my life with their guns. I felt then that when God overrules matters there is no danger of failure."

Madeleine tells that she was on two occasions during the siege, for twenty-four hours without food or sleep. During the first day Madeleine noticed a boat landing near the fort. Recognizing the inmates as Sieur Pierre Fontaine and his family, and believing they would all fall into the hands of the savages if not promptly succored, she marched down to the river bank, musket in hand, and conducted the new arrivals safely into the fort.

Before starting on her perilous mission she left orders that if she were killed they were to continue to defend the place, impressing upon them that it was of the greatest importance that the savages should never enter one of their French forts; that they would judge of the rest by the one they got possession of, and that the knowledge then acquired could not fail to increase their pride and courage. "If I am taken," she said, "never surrender—even though I should be burnt and cut to pieces before your eyes."

On the eighth day, the brave little girl was, according to her own relation, dozing on a chair with her head resting on a table,

and her musket across her arms, when she heard one of the sentries call out "qui vive"! Being told that voices had been heard from the water she mounted the bastion and promptly challenged the approaching party, asking, "Who are you"? The welcome answer came quickly back, "French—it is La Mounerie come to your assistance." Madeleine, placing a sentry on guard at the gate of the fort, proceeded to the river bank and received the officer with the following greeting—"Sir, you are welcome, I surrender my arms to you."

"Mademoiselle," he answered with courtly grace, "they are in good hands."

"Better than you think," was the reply.

Then with her characteristic kindness and consideration for others, she remembered her worn out companions, and added, "Sir, kindly relieve my sentries, so that they may take a litle rest, for we have not left our posts for the last eight days."

These incidents, with many others equally thrilling, make up the detailed narrative which the modest Madeleine says in her letter she would never have ventured to put in writing had not the governor, the Marquis de Beauharnois persuaded her to it, "in order," she says, "to encourage every subject of His Majesty to seek distinction by performing heroic deeds whenever the opportunity presents itself."

In 1747, at her home in the manor house of la Perade, in the 69th year of her age, this brave woman, who had many times faced death, heard the last call and bowed calmly to the summons. She predeceased her husband by ten years, and left five children to mourn her loss and revere her memory, proving by their own lives the value of the teachings and example of a good mother.

The sons showed themselves possessed of their mother's courage by their distinguished service in the army, though the career of one was cut short by the fortunes of war at the battle of Monongahela in 1755, when he was among the slain.

In the pretty town of Verchères of today very few traces are to be found of the de Verchères seigneury. The old stone windmill alone has withstood the ravages of time and stands a grim monument and relic of bygone days when the tenants of M. de Verchères brought to it their grain for grinding. Situated near a creek and opposite the Richelieu and Ontario Company's wharf, it is now owned by the Dominion Government, and used for the signalling purposes of the St. Lawrence navigation. There is a strong public

sentiment in favor of this interesting property being restored as far as possible to its original form and preserved as a historical landmark.

The old saying that a prophet is without honor in his own country could not be applied in the case of the youthful heroine of Verchères, for her story is as familiar to the school children of Canada as to the more advanced students of history. The pen of the historian has done its duty and paid high tribute to her glorious achievement, making it impossible for her name to ever pass into oblivion.

The hand of the sculptor has found it a pleasant task to immortalize her memory. A very beautiful statuette in bronze, executed about four years ago by Hebert, personifying all the admirable features of body and mind with which, from our historical knowledge of her, we like to invest the heroine of Verchères has, until quite recently, occupied a place of honor at Rideau Hall, in the room of His Excellency Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada. Through the gracious kindness of His Excellency this beautiful work of art is now the cherished possession of Dr. A. G. Doughty, C.M.G., Dominion Archivist, to whose courtesy we are indebted for its presence here today.

The poet, also, has found in our heroine a delightful theme for his muse; and Drummond, to whom was given such a gift of appreciating and idealizing the most lovable characteristics of l'habitant, has made Madeleine de Verchères the subject of one of his noblest poems.

And yet not until the government of the country has erected to her memory an enduring monument, which will be to her descendants a source of pride, to every Canadian an inspiration to nobler deeds, and to each boy and girl who sees it, a lesson in the virtues of patriotism, courage and self-sacrifice, can we feel that due recognition has been given to her splendid heroism.

And thus it is that the Canadian Parliament is asked to grant this year a sum of money for the immediate erection at Verchères on the site of the old fort immortalized by her two hundred and nineteen years ago, a beautiful statue, which will be a mute but eloquent tribute to the memory of one of the most illustrious of Canadian heroines—Marie Madeleine de Verchères.

TERESA COSTIGAN ARMSTRONG.

For valuable suggestions and kindly interest in the preparation of this paper the writer is much indebted to Dr. J. Edmond Roy, F.R.S.C.

Madame de la Tour

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa, January 12th, 1912.

IN considering the subject of this paper we must cast our thoughts back almost three hundred years to the early days of those parts of Canada bordering on the Bay of Fundy—or La Baie Françoise as it was then called.

The years of Mme. de la Tour's life of which we can learn anything, are those from 1640, when she married Charles de la Tour, to 1645, when she died, after the fall of the fort in which she had spent most of her married life.

The persons with whom her history is bound up are her husband, and his enemy, Charles de Menou, Seigneur d'Aunay. The latter was bitter also against Mme. de la Tour, for to her he attributed much of the opposition he experienced from her husband.

Both France and England had become familiar with America by means of the voyages that had been made to its shores in the 16th century. It was France, however, that first renewed attempts at colonization in the 17th.

In 1604, De Monts, who in 1599 had made a trip to America, going up the St. Lawrence as far as Tadousac, received a commission from Henry IV, King of France, to found a colony in Acadia, in the patent called "Cadie" for the first time. De Monts was accompanied by Poutrincourt and Champlain—and the little vessel bringing them to these shores, carried the "germs of an empire," for these men were the founders of New France. They touched first at La Hève, on the Atlantic coast, then proceeded to explore, entering the Bay of Fundy, called by de Monts, La Baie Françoise. On St. John's day they reached the mouth of the largest river they had yet seen, and named it in honour of the day. Proceeding further, they reached the St. Croix river, and decided to winter on an island there. They spent a most unhappy time, the greater number of the colonists died, and in the spring the survivors left and went to Port Royal, in Annapolis Basin. Poutrincourt had been so enamoured of the beauty of this place, that he had given it this name, and had received a grant of it from de Monts.

For various reasons de Monts' charter was cancelled in 1607. Poutrincourt had returned to France, to obtain help, and in 1610 he

is again in Acadia, this time accompanied by his son Biencourt and by Claude de la Tour, who had lost his property in the French civil wars of the period. With Claude de la Tour was his son, Charles, then a boy of fourteen, who in later years became the husband of the subject of this sketch.

In 1613 another French settlement was formed at St. Sauveur near Mount Desert on the Maine coast.

A setback to the advancement of the colonies came from the English. In 1606 a colony had been formed in Virginia. In 1613 these colonists numbered about 400. The neighborhood of the French troubled them, and an expedition under Argall was undertaken, and both St. Sauveur and Port Royal were destroyed. This is the first instance on the American continent of conflict between French and English. Biencourt worked hard to rebuild what had been destroyed. He was chief now, as his father had returned to France to look after the interests of the colony. The latter was in Acadia again in 1614, but recrossed the Atlantic in the same year, and in 1615 was killed in the wars in France.

The greater number of historians think "that after Poutrincourt's death there was an interruption in the French domination in Acadia, and that the colonists all disappeared until the time of Razilly in 1632" (Rameau). This, however, is not so. Biencourt continued his father's work. The life was strenuous, but he and his companions maintained themselves, by hunting, farming, and exchanging goods with the natives. They obtained arms and ammunition and other supplies from vessels engaged in the fishing trade, even then a lucrative business. Little is known of Biencourt's life. He died in 1623 at the age of 31. He was succeeded by Charles de la Tour who had been closely associated with him, but "his men counted more Indians than French among them, and his manor was a movable encampment under the vaults of the forest." Of Charles de la Tour, Hannay says, "he was a man equally bold, enterprising and prudent. He possessed resolution, activity and sagacity of no ordinary kind, and had that art—the most necessary of any for a leader—the art of winning the confidence of those with whom he was associated."

Soon grave difficulties arose. The English, ever since Argall's attack, had been laying claims to the country, and in 1621 Sir Wm. Alexander received a grant of "Nova Scotia" from King James, the grant being confirmed later by Charles I. He had made more extensive plans regarding colonization than had any of the

French. Charles de la Tour resolved to make an effort to bind firmly his connection with France, and sent his father with a letter to the King. But this messenger was captured by the English under Kirk. At attempt at settlement was made under Sir William's patent in 1629, when a few Scotch families were settled near Port Royal. Some French at La Hève did not submit to de la Tour's authority. His relations with these and the presence of the Scotch caused him to make a second attempt to strengthen himself with the government in France. He sent another messenger. This person represented that Biencourt and de la Tour after him had always retained possession of Acadia in the name of the French King. He told of their lives of privation and danger, and as a result de la Tour was named brevet lieutenant to the King, a title which was of value to him when Acadia was ceded to France, by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye in 1632.

After the signing of this treaty, a company was formed in France, the object of which was "to restore and develope the establishments in Acadia." Isaac de Razilly was chosen as the representative of the King and company to go to receive Acadia from the English. In July, 1632, he set out with two ships and 300 men. Early in August Port Royal was handed over to him. Some of the Scotch families remained and mingled with the French, but the greater number returned to Great Britain. Razilly established himself at La Hève. He chose this place because of its excellence as a port and its nearness to Europe, and because there he could carry on easy and frequent relations with fishing vessels.

The French adventurers who had been in the country previous to 1632, held themselves aloof from Razilly, devoting themselves to the fur trade, now at Cape Sable, now at the River St. John. Their long wandering life unfitted them for settling down, and they remained with de la Tour. Razilly did not worry about them, as he wished to settle his own people in regular and methodical ways of life. There were several families in his company, and thus "the European family was henceforth forever planted on Acadian soil, and bound by tradition old world society to that of the new."

Razilly in all his efforts for the good of his people was ably seconded by Nicholas Denys, and by Charles de Menou, Chevalier d'Aunay de Charnisey, both of whom had come out with him.

For the better control of affairs the country was divided into seigneuries, and the first to receive one was Charles de la Tour, who was given control at Cape Sable and at the River St. John. At the

latter place he apparently took up his residence in 1635, building a fort and strengthening himself in his position.

Denys' seigneury was in Cape Breton, and the lands adjoining the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

D'Aunay was Razilly's lieutenant and when the latter died in 1635, naturally found himself in command, which command was later confirmed, and he thus became governor, representing the King, and representative of the Company of New France. D'Aunay transferred his headquarters from La Hève to Port Royal. He had never approved of the choice of the former place. The country round about was too rocky for agriculture, and he thought there would be greater opportunity for development along these lines round about Port Royal. Moreover, the New England settlements had increased in number, and threatened trouble to the French, and from Port Royal he could command affairs more readily.

Neither de la Tour nor Denys liked the change in governor and disputes arose.

In 1638 a letter arrived from the King of France, an attempt to make peace between the two masterful minds, that were disputing as to territory and authority. But matters were only complicated by this, as the lack of knowledge of the geography of the country rather tended to increase than diminish discord. A line drawn through the centre of the Bay of Fundy was to be the dividing line. The country to the north of it was to be under D'Aunay's jurisdiction, that to the south under de la Tour's. Unfortunately Fort La Tour at the mouth of the river St. John was in the territory assigned to D'Aunay, and La Hève and Port Royal in that assigned to de la Tour.

D'Aunay at Port Royal was bent upon extending his influence and developing his colony. He worked hard, but expenses were heavy, and debts increased. He saw de la Tour at the River St. John, carrying on a lucrative trade with the Indians. An adept trader, de la Tour knew how to draw to himself all the fur trade of the River St. John and its tributaries. D'Aunay cast envious eyes upon all this. Trouble arose regarding their commercial limits, which quickly degenerated into armed attacks.

De la Tour had hoped by harassing D'Aunay to weary him of life in the colony, and so influence him to return to France. But when he heard of the arrival of D'Aunay's wife at Port Royal, he knew that was hopeless.

D'Aunay was in the habit of making trips to France, and on one of these he married Jeanne Motin. This must have been in 1636. It was not until two or three years later that de la Tour heard of it, and when he did, he ordered his agent, Desjardins, at Rochelle, to bring him out a wife. Accordingly in 1640 Desjardins arrived bringing Françoise Marie Jacquelin, said by her enemies to be the daughter of a barber of Mans, but who, whatever may have been her birth, proved herself to be an energetic, capable woman, who advanced her husband's interests in all ways possible.

On the way to St. John, Desjardins had touched at Port Royal, and had found D'Aunay absent. When de la Tour was informed of this, he thought it would be a good opportunity to attack the place. He and Desjardins and Marie Jacquelin put out to sea, and presented themselves before Port Royal. De la Tour's pretext to gain admittance was that he wished to have his marriage solemnized. The pretext was very plausible as Marie Jacquelin was with him, and it was well known that the Capuchin fathers, scandalized by his conduct and wearied by his bad treatment had withdrawn from his fort. Permission to enter Port Royal was refused, and de la Tour was returning to River St. John when he met D'Aunay. An engagement took place and de la Tour and his companions were overcome and taken to Port Royal. It is supposed that at this time the marriage between Marie Jacquelin and de la Tour was solemnized.

Previous to this encounter between D'Aunay and de la Tour, the latter had captured two vessels belonging to D'Aunay, on their way to provision a small settlement at Pentagoët which was threatened by the New Englanders. D'Aunay when he took de la Tour prisoner, was on his way from a successful venture under his own leadership to provision the place.

De la Tour's attack was regarded as an attempt on the life of D'Aunay, and as a disturbance of the peace of the colony. It was decided to carry the matter to the courts in France. In the meanwhile de la Tour and his fellow prisoners were set at liberty, and allowed to return to Fort St. John. Henceforth the strife was one, now of diplomacy, now of arms—D'Aunay sought aid in France, de la Tour sought aid from the English of Boston. For six years the development of the colony was retarded by this fratricidal strife. Whilst in Canada the French were defending themselves against the savages, in Acadia it was a fight of French against

French. In the 16th century the struggle was with inexperience and stress of weather and disease. In the 17th, ambition, jealousy and cupidity held sway, and did their utmost to destroy.

In the meantime, D'Aunay had carried his charges against de la Tour to France, and the latter was summoned there to answer them. If he failed to appear, his person and his fort were to be seized and an inventory taken of his effects. He refused to go. D'Aunay was too weak to attack, and went to France for reinforcements. D'Aunay was a connection of Cardinal Richelieu. He made the most of de la Tour's Huguenot affiliations. The Company under which de la Tour's father had gone to Acadia had been sent out by the men of Rochelle.

In 1643 D'Aunay having strengthened his forces, attacked Fort La Tour, with two ships, a galliot, and four small vessels. He could not capture the place and therefore blockaded it. In the meanwhile de la Tour had sent word of his unhappy situation to Rochelle. Supplies were running low in the fort when the "Clement" arrived with the looked-for help. But she could not break through the blockade. De la Tour and his wife slipped out in a small boat, boarded the "Clement" and sailed for Boston. The Boston authorities refused to grant any help officially, but allowed him to hire ships and men. He thus obtained four vessels, fifty-two men and thirty-eight pieces of ordnance. When de la Tour's ships appeared at the River St. John, D'Aunay's fleet sailed away. De la Tour pursued them to Port Royal and there inflicted considerable loss. When the "Clement" sailed on her return trip to France, Mme. de la Tour was on board. Her plan was to get help for her husband, and neither perils by sea, nor the difficulties which she must of necessity encounter in France, made her shrink from her purpose.

D'Aunay also went to France at this time, and when he heard of her presence he used all his influence to render her efforts nugatory. So successful was he, that Mme. de la Tour, de Meurons, Captain of the "Clement," and Desjardins, de la Tour's agent, were all forbidden to leave France, and de la Tour himself was ordered to appear there within three months. Mme. de la Tour might send provisions to Acadia, but no munitions of war. When she heard of the decree regarding her, she immediately made her escape to England. Here she engaged passage for herself, her people and supplies, and sailed thence in March, 1644. The captain

was to take her to the River St. John. But wishing to do some trading, he sailed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. His anxious and impatient passenger protested in vain. After six months they reached the Bay of Fundy. Here the vessel was overhauled by D'Aunay, who had heard of Mme. de la Tour's escape from France and who was anxious to prevent her reaching Fort St. John with assistance. The sought-for passenger was hidden in the hold, and escaped capture. The vessel, however, had to change its course and go to Boston, where it arrived in September. Here this energetic woman brought suit against the captain for his protracted passage, and so forcibly did she conduct her case before the court that she won it, and was awarded £2000 damages. With this, she chartered three vessels, and in December 1644 reached Fort St. John once more, having been absent from home and husband about sixteen months.

Just before Mme. de la Tour arrived in Boston from England, her husband had been there. He left about a week before her arrival. D'Aunay's agent arrived whilst she was in Boston. A treaty of peace was drafted, but the agent was unsuccessful in his main object, which was to prevent further intercourse with the de la Tours, and to get a definite statement regarding their policy. In October, 1644, D'Aunay again sent to Boston, and in the same month, a letter arrived from de la Tour, asking the New Englanders not to abandon him.

In March, 1645, D'Aunay complains of the New Englanders assisting Mme. de la Tour to reach St. John, and of their apparent continued support of de la Tour

In January, 1645, de la Tour went to Boston for further aid, and spent the rest of the winter there, but without gaining his object. Meanwhile Mme. de la Tour was left in command of affairs at the Fort. By some writers it is said that Mme. de la Tour was a Huguenot at the time of her marriage. Others believe that she embraced Protestantism when in France, in order to gain influence at Rochelle. When she crossed from England, on board the vessel was Roger Williams, an ardent Puritan. In the months she spent in Boston, her Protestantism was strengthened even to fanaticism. It is said that after her return in December, 1644, she urged her husband to turn in order to gain favour with the Puritans of New England.

Shortly after her husband left in January, she had a violent altercation with the Recollet Fathers in the fort, and they and several soldiers left. They were given a small boat and some provisions, and made their way to Port Royal, where they informed D'Aunay of the absence of de la Tour and the weak state of the garrison. He hastened to attack. Mme. de la Tour communicated the courage she herself felt to the garrison under her, and they repulsed the enemy with such vigor, that D'Aunay lost 33 men, and had to withdraw. He renewed the attack in April. Mme. de la Tour, although hopeless of holding out, resolved to defend her fort as long as possible. For three days and three nights the attack lasted. On the fourth day, a Swiss guide, who had been bribed, allowed the enemy to approach without giving the alarm. Mme. de la Tour rallied her forces to a part of the fort more easily defended. However it would have been impossible to hold out long. When D'Aunay offered terms of capitulation, in which the lives of the defenders were to be spared, she surrendered.

Writers differ as to what happened after the surrender. Some say that D'Aunay was so angered at having made terms with a woman, who was in such a defenceless state, that he broke his word, and had all the men in the fort but one hanged, the one being spared on condition that he should be hangman of all the others. Also that Mme. de la Tour's life was spared but that she was forced to be present at the execution with a rope round her neck, as one who should be put to death, but to whom life was granted through clemency. The lives of the two other women in the fort and de la Tour's infant son were also spared. The gallant woman did not long survive. Her heroic exertions, her grief at the loss of everything she had fought for, the terrible fate of her followers, so preyed upon her mind that in three short weeks after the fall of the fort she died, and was buried on the banks of the St. John. This is the account given by Denys, who wrote shortly after the event.

Other writers favourable to D'Aunay, and inclined to place every act of his in a most favourable light say that in the taking of the fort some were killed, and of those who survived, the most seditious were hanged to serve as an example and memorial to posterity of such a stubborn rebellion. Mme. de la Tour, her infant son, and the two other women were spared, and every assistance possible rendered them—Mme. de la Tour's son was sent to France. After that nothing is known of him.

Mme. de la Tour remained a prisoner in the fort, where D'Aunay resided during the pulling down of the fortifications. She soon fell ill of grief and rage, say the Capuchin fathers. During her illness she received the visits of the reverend fathers, and before she died, she publicly renounced Protestantism. D'Aunay laid aside all feelings of ill-will at the tomb which had just opened, and rendered to the unfortunate woman, the honours which belonged, if not to her birth, at least to the rank which she had occupied, and the role she had played in the colony (Moreau). This is the account given by Moreau—a writer of the 19th century who made a special study of the history of French Acadia.

History has been defined as a "fable agreed upon," also as "a confused heap of facts." Be that as it may, we know from the little that has come down to us of the story of Mme. de la Tour's life that she was an intelligent, energetic, fearless woman, loyal and true, giving her life for her husband and dependents, and that she deserved to the utmost the title "heroine of Acadia."

A few words regarding the other actors in this 17th century drama may not be amiss.

D'Aunay after the capture of Fort St. John was governor in Acadia without opposition. de la Tour was a wanderer, bereft of wife and property. In 1650 he heard of D'Aunay's death. In 1651 a commission was issued appointing him governor of Acadia. Disputes arose concerning D'Aunay's estate; and in 1653 "to bring about the peace and tranquillity of the country and the concord of the two families," de la Tour married Jeanne Motin, the widow of D'Aunay. In 1654 Fort St. John was captured by the English. Shortly after de la Tour retired to private life and died in 1666.

M. A. NORTHWOOD.

Accounts of the period given by Moreau, Rameau, Garneau, Hannay, Raymond and others were read when preparing this paper.

The Two Sieges of Louisburg

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa, March 8th, 1912.

THE FIRST SIEGE OF LOUISBURG, 1745.

THE island of Cape Breton lies to the north west of Nova Scotia, to which it is politically attached, being part of that province, though actually separated from it by the Strait of Canso.

The chief town is Sydney, and the island derives its name from Cape Breton in Brittany, but its fame and place in the world's history from the splendid old fortress of Louisburg, which with the little town of the same name, both now swept away, was situated on the southern side of the island, on a harbour formed by two projecting points of land. The inland approach to the line of fortifications was a stretch of marshy ground, and with the wildly beating surf and steep rocks on the other sides, formed an almost impregnable fortress, second only to Quebec, on the American continent.

The heart of the fortifications was about a mile and three-quarters in length, well furnished with batteries, and having four bastions, severally named the Dauphin, King, Queen, and Princess. The government of France had spent twenty-five years in fortifying it, and the cost of the defences was estimated at thirty million livres.

Louisburg was always a thorn in the flesh of the English, and a source of danger to the British colonies, being the only French naval station on the continent and the haunt of privateers. It was situated at the chief entrance to Canada and threatened to ruin the fisheries which were nearly as important to New England as the fur trade to New France. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that the colonies wished to gain this stronghold which both offered and withheld so many advantages.

William Shirley, an English barrister, was Governor of Massachusetts, and a man of great ambition, energy and enterprise, and with a sincere wish to do all in his power for his province, was urged on by one Vaughan, who was deeply interested in the fisheries, to make an attack upon Louisburg—a wild scheme, considering they could only command 1500 raw militia.

The consent of the Assembly had to be gained, and the members were much surprised to receive a message from the Governor to attend a meeting, at which all had to swear secrecy to the communication made to them. They, however, took the oath, and were amazed to be invited to undertake the reduction of Louisburg. After several days deliberation, the Legislature refused to join in the expedition, but in the meantime, in spite of the oath, the secret had been revealed by the loud and fervent prayers of a member, for guidance, being overheard.

Shirley was bitterly disappointed, but, with the assistance of a man named Gibson, a petition was drawn up, signatures obtained from merchants in Boston, Salem, Marblehead, and all along the coast, and the question again brought before the Assembly. Information was gathered from various sources concerning the fortress, the garrison was reported mutinous, and short of provisions, so that the place could not hold out without supplies from France. These supplies could only be cut off by blockading the harbour with a stronger naval force than all the combined colonies could supply The mother country, if asked, would no doubt give assistance, but while waiting for this, Louisburg would probably be reinforced, and the opportunity lost.

Shirley then asked for aid from all the other colonies, but all refused, except Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, thus leaving the burden upon four colonies. New Hampshire raised a regiment of five hundred men out of her scanty population, and Rhode Island promised that the sloop "Tartar" should be equipped and manned for the service. Connecticut sent five hundred men and officers, while Massachusetts had to supply above three thousand men, and therefore had the privilege of naming the commander-in-chief.

The choice fell upon William Pepperell, a merchant of Kittery, whose spacious mansion still stands at Kittery Point. Pepperell knew little of military affairs,—but it appears no one else knew any more,—and he was most popular.

Each of the colonies had a little navy of its own, of from one to three or four small armed vessels. Captain Edward Lyng was chosen commander, but one or two French ships of war could easily master the little squadron and if the troops landed and were left without ships they would be caught like rats in a trap. Commodore Warren, who with a few British ships of war was at Antigua, was

applied to for help, and arrived at Canseau with the "Superbe," "Mermaid" and "Launceston."

Within seven weeks after Shirley had issued his proclamation for volunteers, the strange little squadron was afloat, and on the twenty-fourth of March, escorted by ninety transports or fishing vessels, the colonial cruisers sailed from Nantasket Roads, followed by cheers, prayers, blessings, tears, and toasts of rum punch.

On April 5th, Pomeroy's vessel entered the harbour of Canseau, about fifty miles from Louisburg, where was the English fishing village, the seizure of which by the French, had been one of the colonists' grievances. Soon all the transports came dropping in but owing to ice had to remain nearly three weeks. On the twenty-seventh they sailed for Louisburg, but did not arrive till next day.

The garrison of the Fort consisted of about five hundred and sixty regular troops, and some thirteen or fourteen hundred militia. The regulars were not in good order, being discontented with their rations, and not getting extra pay for work on the fortifications. The Governor, Chevalier Duchambon, was not a man of decision or vigor, a fact which handicapped the besieged, and was of great use to the besiegers, who were nothing if not prompt and determined.

That the garrison expected an attack is proved by the "Habitant de Louisburg" which says "We were informed of the preparations from the first, but lost precious moments in useless deliberations and resolutions, no sooner made than broken. Nothing to the purpose was done, so that we were as much taken by surprise as if the enemy had pounced upon us unawares."

Duchambon sent eighty men to oppose the landing, cannon were fired and alarm bells rung. The English no sooner landed than they atacked the French, killing some and putting the rest to flight. About two thousand had landed, and two thousand more, next day.

Vaughan led his men, who much resembled a disorderly crowd, to the rear of the Grand Battery, set fire to the naval stores, thus distracting the enemy, and under cover of the smoke, took possession of the Royal Battery which they found empty! And so a battery of thirty cannon was taken, without any resistance being offered. The taking of this Grand or Royal Battery is said to be the most decisive event of the siege and simply owing to Duchambon's blunder, in leaving the place unprotected, and it was one of many blunders.

The landing of guns, munitions, and stores, was a truly dreadful task, and attended by almost incredible hardship. Rough sledges of timber were made, a cannon placed on each, and then dragged over the marsh by two hundred men, harnessed with ropes and straps, and wading to the knees. Cattle would have been useless, even had they had them. The work had to be done at night to escape the cannon of the town, and the French practice in musketry was excellent.

Surely a more uncommon camp was never seen. In spite of their sufferings the besiegers enjoyed themselves, when not fighting or working, and while the cannon roared in front they wrestled, raced, played at quoits, fired at marks, and ran after French cannon-balls, which they took to the batteries and used in their own guns. Lieutenant Cleaves writes in his diary, "Some of our men went a fishing, about 2 miles off, caught 6 troutes," and also, "Our men went to catch lobsters: caught 30."

An attack was made on Island Battery, which ended in a signal defeat for the English, who were obliged to surrender, and Louisburg rang with shouts of triumph.

At length it was decided to make a joint attack, by land and water. The squadron had been increased by the arrival of eleven ships and they undertook to cannonade the town and attack it in boats while Pepperell should march towards the walls. The town was a ruin, only one house untouched, and the people, on the fifteenth day of June, brought a petition to Duchambon, begging him to capitulate.

After some parleying and exchange of letters between the commanders, the articles were signed on both sides and the English ships sailed peacefully into the harbour. Pepperell and his ragged army entered the town, and the French marched out with colours flying and drums beating and without the slightest stain of disgrace they accepted their defeat, having made a gallant, though ill-organized and badly conducted defence. The French writers are almost unanimous in laying most of the blame upon the incompetent Duchambon.

This siege, which lasted forty-nine days, was one of the most astonishing in history, for it must be remembered that Great Britain had no part in it, the whole undertaking being planned and executed by the colonists of New England upon their own responsibility, without regular troops or properly trained officers. It can only be likened to the slaying of Goliath by the stripling

David, and no doubt this wonderful success helped to create, and certainly fostered that spirit of independence and self-assertion, manifested so thoroughly, later on, by the colonists in their rebellion against the mother country.

SECOND SIEGE OF LOUISBURG, 1758.

The first siege took place in 1745 and to the dismay of the colonists, only three years after, in 1748, by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the English government restored the fortress to France, in exchange for the commercial post of Madras. Ten years later, in 1758, the war between England and France for supremacy in North America being at its height, the English decided to attack Louisburg.

Meantime vast sums had been spent in replacing the havoc caused by the first siege, and in 1758 the town contained about 4,000 inhabitants, and included a convent, hospital, and chapel, besides the King's storehouses and Governor's quarters. In the harbour were five ships of the line, and seven frigates, carrying about 3,000 men.

There had been signs of the enemy since the spring, and on the 2nd of June a fleet with white swelling sails was seen on the horizon—the foe was at their gates.

The officers commanding the English fleet were Hon. Edward Boscawen, Admiral of His Majesty's blue squadron, and Commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's ships in North America, Sir Charles Hardy and Commodore Durell. Those of the army were Major-General Jeffrey Amherst, Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's forces, Brigadier-General Edward Whitmore, Brigadier-General Laurence, Brigadier-General Wolfe, and Colonel Bastedo.

The fleet had twenty-three ships and eighteen frigates. Boscawen sailed into Gabarus Bay, and tried to force a landing at Freshwater Cove, but found that "the waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast," and the pounding surf made landing a dangerous and difficult task.

For several days fog prevented the attack, but on the eighth day, at 2 a.m., the ships opened a fierce cannonade on the French intrenchments, to cover the landing of the boats. Wolfe embarked with four companies of Grenadiers, and was followed by Fraser's Highlanders and eight more companies of Grenadiers.

When within close range, the French opened a storm of musketry and grape shot upon the boats. In a spot sheltered from the cannon the intrepid Major Scott sprang ashore, and was

followed by Wolfe, who leaped into the surf with only his cane in his hand. Many of the boats were stove in, some upset, and some of the men drowned. Amherst landed at Flat Point Cove, with guns and stores, about one hundred boats being stove in, owing to the surf and powerful waves.

Wolfe, with twelve hundred men took possession of Lighthouse Point, which the French had abandoned, and had thrown up a redoubt and opened an intrenchment near the Princess Bastion, when on July 9th, five pickets, that is, six hundred French troops, sallied forth to destroy the work, but the British Grenadiers succeeded in repulsing them.

It was a great blow to the French when the frigate "Echo" which they had sent to Quebec for assistance, was chased and captured, and a day or two after passed the mouth of the harbour with an English flag floating from the masthead.

Drucour, the French Governor, who appears to have been a most noble and kind-hearted man, wrote to General Amherst that he had a skilful surgeon who would attend any of the English officers who might need his services. General Amherst, not to be outdone by his generous foe, sent letters and messages from wounded French prisoners, and a gift of pineapples from the West Indies to Madame Drucour, who in her turn sent him a basket of wine, after which the fighting was resumed with greater vigor than before.

Madame Drucour was evidently a woman of character and strong nerves, for every day she fired off three cannon with her own hand, and walked on the ramparts to encourage the men.

On July 21st a bomb fell on the ship Célèbre and set her on fire. An explosion ensued and two other ships took fire and the three were consumed, so that only two were left of the French squadron. The next morning a shell destroyed a stone building in which were lodged the officers and women, only the part occupied by the Governor and his wife being saved, and two days later, boats containing 600 seamen rowed into the harbour, and as no attack was expected, the two remaining French ships were captured.

The defense had lasted fifty-two days, three days longer than the first siege—from the eighth of June till the thirtieth of July, and it was wonderful that with such broken down fortifications the French were able to withstand so long.

Major Farquhar took possession of the West Gate on the 27th, and Brigadier Whitmore marched to the esplanade to receive the

surrender, after which they took possession of the town and fortress. Whitmore was made Governor and the British flag was hoisted from the citadel, proclaiming the strife was ended. General Amherst's brother took eleven French standards with him to England, where they were deposited in St. Paul's amid the roar of cannon. £500 was presented to Amherst, and Edgecombe and Wolfe were promoted to the rank of Major-General, by Pitt.

There is no monument to these men at Louisburg, but some of the descendants of men who were present hand down from generation to generation many a stirring story of the siege, and the spot where Wolfe landed is known as Wolfe's Rock.

Mr. Macdonald of Halifax, a member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, in his "Last Siege of Louisburg," gives great praise to Chevalier Drucour for holding the fortress seven weeks, and says, "The end came only when the city was *in extremis*, and under circumstances in which no soldier need feel ashamed."

In 1763 the fortress was levelled to the ground and Louisburg is now only a place of memories, the splendid fortress once known as "The Dunkirk of America," now only outlined by mounds of turf and heaps of stones. There sheep graze quietly, and find shelter from the rain in the vaulted caverns under what was the rampart, where the terrified women and children sought refuge when the cannon roared and numbers of brave men fell.

The heroic Drucour and his intrepid wife, the gallant Wolfe and all their followers have vanished into the land of shadows, the waving banners and all the panoply of war, with its glory and its woe, have departed, and in their place the Angel of Peace has descended and holds the "key of the St. Lawrence" in her gentle hand.

EVA G. READ.

The Hero of Chateauguay

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa, March 12th, 1909.

THIS subject is very dear to the hearts of all French Canadians, and also very familiar, for in our childhood, how often were we put to sleep with the story of Chateauguay and its hero! It is therefore no effort but a great pleasure to me to submit to you a few notes I have collected on one of the brightest pages of our history.

Four hundred and eighty years before Christ, Leonidas, King of Sparta, had to defend his country from invasion. An army of hundreds of thousands was approaching which must enter by a pass in Thermopylae, and if successful his beloved country was doomed. At the head of three hundred braves Leonidas determined to check the advance of the enemy or die in the attempt, and in that narrow pass, after an heroic resistance, one by one his warriors succumbed and he himself fell, a victim to his patriotism.

History repeats itself, and twenty-four centuries later, a loyal Canadian, Charles Michel d'Irumbery de Salaberry, Seigneur of Chambly and Beaulac, with three hundred brave French Canadians, fought desperately and against fearful odds to save our country from American invasion and preserve to the crown of Britain its most beautiful jewel—the land of the Beaver and of the Maple.

The founder of the Canadian branch of the family of de Salaberry arrived at Quebec in 1746—an officer of France and in command of a French ship, "La Marie." He was a native of the Basque country and tradition informs us that he was "as brave as a lion and strong as Hercules." His wife was the charming daughter of the Seigneur of Beauport and the issue of this marriage was a son and two daughters.

After the treaty of peace was proclaimed, the son Louis Ignace, who had witnessed the battle of Quebec, was the first pupil in the Seminary of Quebec, and completed his studies in France. In 1778 he married Catherine de Hertel, a daughter of the Seigneur of Pierreville, and had four sons and three daughters. Maurice and Louis, the second and third sons, found soldiers' graves in

India, while upholding the honor of British arms, and Edouard the fourth son, named for his godfather the Duke of Kent, fell at the head of his company at the storming of Badajos.

Charles Michel d'Irumbery, the eldest son, who alone survived his father, was reserved for future fame.

In his nature was personified the beauty of bravery, for with the strength of a giant, and the daring of a gladiator, he had the gentleness of a woman and the tenderness of a child.

De Salaberry was born at Beauport, Quebec, November 18th, 1778. At the age of fourteen he enlisted in His Majesty's 44th Regiment, in which he served two years.

In 1794, with the assistance of the Duke of Kent, who was a personal friend of his father, the young soldier obtained a commission in the 60th Regiment, and left at once to join the force under the Duke's command on the expedition against the French West India Islands.

Sir Charles Gray appointed him Lieutenant the same year, being then only sixteen years old. At twenty-one, he was made Captain, and it is asserted that his company was one of the best disciplined of the regiment.

In 1812 when war with the United States appeared to be imminent, Sir George Prevost, Governor General and Commander-in-Chief of Canada, called on De Salaberry to do what lay in his power to defend his country. The call was answered at the head of the "Canadian Voltigeurs," a provincial regiment which was raised with great alacrity, and destined to give a magnificent account of itself and win for its commanding officer, Colonel De Salaberry, honors and distinction.

In the second year of the war, of which the battle of Chateauguay is one of the memorable events, Montreal had become a centre of American strategy, and the original plan of the American campaign in Lower Canada, was that General Hampton was to occupy the shores of Lake St. Louis, between the Chateauguay river and the Indian village of Caughnawaga. From there he was to join forces with General Wilkinson for the final capture of Montreal.

Wilkinson had 10,000 troops, Hampton 11,000, and to oppose these only 3,000 men were available, and they were scattered all the way from Kingston to Montreal.

Of this force 1,600 were in line on the south shore of the St. Lawrence to repel Hampton's invasion. The advance column, watching the frontier, consisted of 300 men of the Canadian

Fencibles and Voltigeurs, commanded by Colonel De Salaberry, and to this column was entrusted the safe-guarding of the Canadian frontier.

How nobly this trust was justified history tells us in the chronicle of the splendid strategic victory of Chateauguay, October 26th, 1813, when De Salaberry with but his 300 Canadian volunteers, repulsed General Hampton's force of 7,000, thus with the later victorious issue of Chrysler's Farm, defeating the American plans for an attack on Montreal, and ended the invasion of Lower Canada.

De Salaberry received the decoration of C.B. for his bravery, and survived the war fifteen years to wear his well merited honors.

He died at Chambly, February 26th, 1829, at the age of fifty-one years, and rests in the crypt of Chambly Church, being buried under his own pew in the main aisle, where also rests Maurice De Salaberry, and in the village is erected a noble monument bearing the statue of the hero of Chateauguay.

ALICE B. LELIEVRE.